

THE LIVING AGE.

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THE LAST POET.

"Wann werdt Ihr Poeten."

"WHEN will ye, oh ye Poets,
Be tired of the refrain?
When will ye have out-sung it,
The old, eternal strain?
"Was not, long since, exhausted
The overflowing cup?
Are not the flowers all gathered?
Is not each fount drunk up?"

As long as the sun's chariot
In his azure track yet burns,
And to him in his splendor,
One human face yet turns;

As long as the storms of heaven
And thunder-clouds arise,
And, fearful at their fury,
One heart yet trembling lies;

As long as, after the tempest,
One rainbow its glory shows,
One bosom, after quiet
And reconciliation, glows;

As long as night the ether
With starry seeds yet sows,
And yet one man the letters
Of the golden scripture knows;

As long as the moon illumines,
One heart yet longs and feels;
As long as the forest rustles
And one tired traveller heals;

As long as spring brings verdure,
And yet the rose-bowers blow;
While cheeks with smiles shall dimple,
And eyes with joy overflow;

As long as the grave and the cypress
The soul with sorrow shake;
As long as one eye is tearful,
And yet one heart may break;

So long on earth shall wander
The Goddess, Poesy,
And with her shall wander, joyful,
Whoever her child shall be.

And hereafter, triumphantly singing,
Through this old house of earth
Shall march out, as the last Poet,
The man that shall last have birth.

The Lord yet holds creation
His mighty hand upon,
Like a fresh blooming flower,
And looks with a smile thereon;

And when this giant-flower,
Long hence, its bloom has shed,
And earth and all the sun-balls
Like flower-dust are spread;

Then ask, if still the question
You would like to ask again,
"Whether at last, we've out-sung it,
The old, eternal strain."

ANASTASIUS GRUN.

—Providence Journal.

From The Evening Post.
A MOTHER'S KISS.

TO MRS. C. E. W.

A CHILD whose infancy was joy,
A little boy of noble mien,
Now tossing gaily many a toy,
Now romping through the garden green—
His parents' blue-eyed little pet,
He tripped one morn, and down he fell;
His mother cried, "Come, Willie, let
Me kiss the spot and make it well."

A mother's kiss hath power to cure;
Her love is balm for every wound;
Her gentle smile, her words so pure
Can heal the bruise and make us sound;
And if there come a bruised heart,
And bitter tears arise and swell,
A mother's love still soothes the smart—
A mother's kiss will make it well.

What matter if the world forget
To praise us for the good we do,
Or, if it never pays the debt
Which to our truthfulness is due!
A mother's sympathy is ours
Wherever on earth we dwell;
Though gone forever childhood's hours
The mother-kiss still makes us well!

My mother's hair is gray, and mine
Is slightly touched with silver streaks;
I am a full-grown man—but Time
Has deeply marked my mother's cheeks;
Yet still her thrilling kiss is warm
Upon my brow imprinted well:
Through all my life it hath a charm
My mother's kiss! to make me well.

From infancy until to-day
In sickness, sorrow and mistrust,
Her gentle words drive care away
And lift my spirit from the dust.
She tells me that the angels call,
That she must go with God to dwell:
My broken heart! if such befall
No mother's kiss will make *thee* well.

"SPERANZA."

SILENCE.

IN silence mighty things are wrought—
Silently builded, thought on thought,
Truth's temple greets the sky;
And, like a citadel with towers,
The soul with her subservient powers,
Is strengthen'd silently.

Soundless as chariots on the snow,
The saplings of the forest grow
To trees of mighty girth;
Each mighty star in silence burns,
And every day in silence turns
The axle of the earth.

The silent frost, with mighty hand,
Fetters the rivers and the land
With universal chain;
And smitten by the silent sun,
The chain is loosed, the rivers run,
The lands are free again.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE COMMONPLACE BOOK OF RICHARD HILLES.

In the Library at Balliol College, Oxford, there is a manuscript which, for want of a better name, I may call a Commonplace Book of an English gentleman who lived in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Its contents display, beyond any other single volume which I have met with, the mental furniture of an average-educated man of the time. There are stories in prose and verse, collections of proverbs, a dissertation on Horticulture, a dissertation on Farriery, a treatise of Confession, a Book of Education, a Book of Courtesy, a Book of "the Whole Duty" of Man; mercantile entries, discourses of arithmetic, recipes, prescriptions, marvels of science or pseudo-science, conundrums, tables of the assize of food; the laws respecting the sale of meat, bread, bees, wine, and other necessities; while above and beyond all are a collection in various handwritings of ballads, songs, hymns, and didactic poems of a religious kind, some few of which have been met with elsewhere; but of the greater number of them no other copy, I believe exists.

The owner and compiler was a certain Richard Hilles. From the entries of the births and deaths of his children on a fly-leaf, I gather that in 1518 he lived at a place called Hillend, near King's Langley, in Hertfordshire. The year following he had removed to London, where he was apparently in business; and among his remarks on the management of vines and fruit trees in his "Discourse on Gardens," he mentions incidentally that he had been in Greece and on the coast of Asia Minor. A brief "Annual Register" is carried down as far as 1535, in which year he perhaps died. One of his latest entries is the execution of Bishop Fisher and of Sir Thomas More. Some other facts about him might perhaps be collected; but his personal history could add little to the interest of his book, which is its own sufficient recommendation. It will be evident, from the description which I have given, that as an antiquarian curiosity this manuscript is one of the most remarkable of its kind which survives.

The public, who are willing to pay for the production of thousands of volumes annually, the value of which is inappreciable from its littleness, may perhaps not be unwilling to encourage, to the extent of the purchase of a

small edition, the preservation in print of a relic which, even in the mere commonplace power of giving amusement, exceeds the majority of circulating novels; while readers whose appetites are more discriminating, and the students of the past, to whom the productions of their ancestors have a memorial value for themselves, may find their taste gratified at least with some fragments of genuine beauty equal to the best extant specimens of early English poetry.

In the hope of contributing to such a result, I am going to offer to the readers of *Fraser* a few miscellaneous selections from different parts of the volume; and as in the original they are thrown together without order—the sacred side by side with the profane; the devotional, the humorous, and the practical reposing in placid juxtaposition—I shall not attempt to remedy a disorder which is itself so characteristic a feature.

Let us commence, then, as a fitting grace before the banquet, with a song on the Nativity. The spirit which appears in many of the most beautiful pictures of mediæval art is here found taking the form of words:

"Can I not sing Ut Hoy,
When the Jolly shepherd made so much joy.

"The shepherd upon a hill he sat,
He had on him his tabard and his hat;
His tar-box, his pipe, and his flat hat,
His name was called Jolly, Jolly Wat,
For he was a good herd's boy,

Ut Hoy,

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

"The shepherd upon a hill was laid,
His dogge to his girdle was tied;
He had not slept but a little brayd
When *Gloria in Excelsis* to him was said.

Ut Hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

"The shepherd upon a hill he stood,
Round about him his sheep they yode;
He put his hand under his hood,
He saw a star as red as blood,

Ut Hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

"Now Farewell, Matt, and also Will,
For my love go ye all still
Unto I come again you till,
And evermore Will ring well thy bell;

Ut Hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

"Now I must go where Christ was born;
Farewell! I come again to morn:
Dog keep will my sheep from the corn,
And warn well warrock when I blow my horn,

Ut Hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

"When Wat to Bethlehem come was,
He swat: he had gone faster than a pace.
He found Jesu in a simple place,
Between an oxe and an asse;
Ut Hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

"Jesu! I offer to thee here my pipe,
My skirt, my tar-box, and my scrip;
Home to my fellows now will I skippe,
And also look unto my shepe,
Ut Hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

"Now Farewell, myne own Herdsman Watt;
Yea, for God, Lady, and even so I had;
Lull well Jesu in thy lappe,
And farewell, Joseph, with thy gown and cap;
Ut Hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

"Now may I well both hop and sing,
For I have been at Christ's bearing;
Home to my fellows now will I fling,
Christ of Heaven to his bliss us bring.
Ut Hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy."

Hilles was perhaps himself a poet, or so I gather from the phrase, "Quoth Richard Hilles," with which more than one piece of great merit terminates. He would scarcely have added his own name to the composition of another person. Elizabeth, queen of Henry VII., died in childbirth in February, 1502-3.

The following "Lamentation," if not written by Hilles himself, was written in his lifetime:—

"THE LAMENTATION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

"Ye that put your trust and confidence
In worldly riches and frail prosperity,
That so live here as ye should never hence;
Remember death, and look here upon me;
Insample I think there may no better be:
Yourself wot well that in my realm was I
Your Queen but late; Lo, here I lie,

"Was I not born of worthy lineage:
Was not my mother Queen, my father King;
Was I not a king's fere in marriage;
Had I not plenty of every pleasant thing?
Merciful God! this is a strange reckoning;
Riches, honor, wealth, and ancestry,
Hath me forsaken; Lo, here I lie.

"If worship might have kept me I had not go;
If wealth might have me served I needed not
so;

If money might have held I lacked none.
But oh, good God, what vaileth all this year!
When death cometh, thy mighty messenger
Obey we must, there is no remedy;
He hath me summoned—lo, here I lie.

"Yet was I lately promised otherwise
This year to live in wealth and in delice,
Lo, whereto cometh the blandishing promise?
Oh, false astrology diminatrice
Of Goddes secrets, making thee so wise!

How true is for this year the prophecy:
The year yet lasteth, and lo, here I lie.

"Oh, brittle wealth—aye full of bitterness,
Thy singular pleasure aye doubled is with
pain.

Account my sorrow first, and my distress
Sundry wise, and reckon thee again
The joy that I have had, I dare not feign,
For all my honor, endured yet have I
More woe than wealth; Lo, here I lie.

"Where are our castles now, and our towers,
Goodly Richmond, soon art thou gone from
me;

At Westminster, that goodly work of yours,
Mine own dear lord, now shall I never see.
Almighty God, vouchsafe to grant that ye,
Ye and your children, well may edify,
My place builded is; Lo, here I lie.

"Adieu, my true spouse, and my worthy lord;
The faithful love that did us two combine
In marriage and peaceable concord,
Into your hands here do I clean resign,
To be bestowed unto your children and mine;
Erst were ye father, now must ye supply
The mother's part also; Lo, here I lie.

"Farewell, my daughter, Lady Margaret,*
God wot full sore it grieved hath my mind
That ye should go where we should seldom
meet;

Now am I gone and have you left behind.
Oh mortal folk! What be we weary blind!
That we least fear full oft it is full nigh,
Fro you depart I first; Lo, here I lie.

"Farewell, madame, my Lordes worthy mother,†
Comfort your son and be ye of good cheer.
Take all in worth, for it will be none other.
Farewell my daughter, ‡ late the fere
To Prince Arthur mine own child so dear,
It booteth not for me to weep or cry,
Pray for my soul, for now lo here I lie.

"Adieu, dear Harry, my lovely son, adieu,
Our Lord increase your honor and your estate.
Adieu, my daughter Mary, § bright of hue,
God make you virtuous, wise, and fortunate.
Adieu sweetheart, my lady daughter Kate, ||
Thou shalt, good babe, such is thy destiny,
Thy mother never know; Lo, here I lie.

"Oh Lady Cecil, Anne, and Catherine,
Farewell my well-beloved sisters three;
Oh Lady bright, dear sister mine;
Lo here the end of worldly vanity;
Lo well are you that earthly folly flee,
And Heavenly things do love and magnify.
Farewell and pray for me; Lo, here I lie.

"Adieu my lords and ladies all;
Adieu my faithful servants every one;
Adieu my commons, whom I never shall
See in this world; Wherefore to thee alone,
Immortal God, very three in one,

* Margaret of Scotland, Queen of James IV.

† The Countess of Richmond.

‡ Catherine of Aragon.

§ Queen of France, and afterwards Duchess of Suffolk.

|| Died in childhood.

I me commend—thy Infinite mercy
Show to thy servant now ; Lo, here I lie.

" Here lyeth the fresh flower of Plantagenet ;
Here lyeth the White Rose in the red set ;
Here lyeth the noble Queen Elizabeth ;
Here lyeth the Princess departed by death ;
Here lyeth the blood of our country Royal ;
Here lyeth the favor of England immortal :
Here lyeth Edward the Fourth in picture ;
Here lyeth his daughter and pearle pure ;
Here lyeth the wife of Harry our true King ;
Here lyeth the heart, the joy, and the gold
Ring ;
Here lyeth the lady so liberal and gracious ;
Here lyeth the pleasure of thy house ;
Here lyeth very love of man and child ;
Here lyeth ensample our minds to bild ;
Here lyeth all beauty—of living a mirror ;
Here lyeth all very good manner and honor ;
God grant her now Heaven to increase ;
And our King Harry long life and peace."

The note changes. We come next to a hunting song :—

" As I walked by a forest side
I met with a forester ; he bade me abide
At a place where he me set—
He bade me what time an hart I met
That I should let alip and say go bett ;
With Hay go bett, Hay go bett, Hay go bett,
Now we shall have game and sport enow.
" I had not stand there but a while,
Yea, not the maintenance of a mile,
But a great hart came running without any
guile ;
With there he goeth—there he goeth—there he
goeth ;
Now we shall have game and sport enow.
" I had no sooner my hounds let go
But the hart was overthrow ;
Then every man began to blow,
With troro—troro—troro,
Now we shall have game and sport enow."

In honor of good ale we have many English ballads. Good wine too, was not without a poet to sing its praises, the Scripture allusions and the large infusion of Latin pointing perhaps to the refectory of some genial monastery.

" A TREATISE OF WINE."

" THE best tree if ye take intent,
Inter ligna fructifera,
Is the vine tree by good argument,
Dulcia ferens pondera.

" Saint Luke saith in his Gospel,
Arbor fructu nascitur,
The vine beareth wine as I you tell,
Hinc aliis preponitur.

" The first that planted the vineyard,
Manet in celi gaudio,
His name was Noe, as I am learned,
Genesis testimonio.

" God gave unto him knowledge and wit,
A quo procedunt omnia,

First of the grape-wine for to get,
Propter magna mysteria.

" Melchisedek made offering,
Dando liquorem vineum,
Full mightily sacrafying
Altaris sacrificium.

" The first miracle that Jesus did,
Erat in vino rubeo,
In Cana of Galilee it betide,
Testante Evangelio.

" He changed water into wine,
Aquæ rubescunt hydræ,
And bade give it to Archeteline,
Ut gustet tunc primarie.

" Like as the rose exceedeth all flowers,
Inter cuncta florigera,
So doth wine other liquors,
Dans multa salutifera.

" David, the prophet, saith that wine
Lætificat cor hominis,
It maketh men merry if it be fine,
Est ergo digni nominis.

" The malicoli fumosetive,
Quæ generat tristitiam,
It causeth from the heart to rise
Tollens omnem inestitiam.

" The first chapter specified,
Libra ecclesiastici,
That wine is music of cunning delight,
Lætificat cor clerici.

" Sirs, if ye will see Boyce,
De disciplinâ scholarium,
There shall ye see without misse,
Quod vinum acuit ingenium.

" First, when Ypocras should dispute,
Cum viris sapientibus,
Good wine before was his pursuit,
Acumen præbens sensibus.

" It quickeneth a man's spirit and his mind
Audaciam dat liquentibus,
If the wine be good and well fined,
Prodest sobrie bibentibus.

" Good wine received moderately,
Mox cerebrum lætificat,
Natural heat it strengthens pardy,
Omne membrum fortificat.

" Drunken also soberly,
Digestionem uberans,
Health it lengthens of the body,
Naturam humanam prosperans.

" Good wine provokes a man to sweat,
Et plena lavat viscera,
It maketh men to eat their meat,
Facitque corda prospera

" It nourisheth age if it be good,
Facit ut esset juvenis,
It gendereth in him gentle blood,
Nam venas purgat sanguinis.

" Sirs, by all these causes ye should think,
Quæ sunt rationabiles,
That good wine should be best of all drink,
Inter potus potabiles,

"Fill the cup well! Bellamy,
Potum jam mihi ingere,
I have said till my lips be dry,
Vellum nunc vinum bibere.

"Wine drinkers all with great honor,
Semper laudate Dominum,
The which sendeth the good liquor,
Propter salutem hominum.

"Plenty to all that love good wine,
Donet Deus largius,
And bring them some when they go hence,
Ubi non sitient amplius."

The boar's-head catch may be added to this, with similar Latin intermixtures.

"Caput apri refero,
Resonans laudes Domino,

"The boar's head in hand I bring,
With garlands gay and birds singing,
I pray you all help me to sing,
Qui estis in convivio.

"The boar's head I understand,
Is chief service in all this land,
Wheresoever it may be found,
Servitur cum sinapio.

"The boar's head, I dare well say,
Anon after the Twelfth day.
He taketh his leave and goeth away,
Exivit tunc de patriâ.

Four of the following verses are on a tombstone, I believe in Melrose Abbey, and are well known. Few if any persons will have seen the poem of which they form a part. So far as I am aware no other copy survives:—

"Vado mori Rex sum, quid honor quid gloria mundi,
Est vita mors hominum regia—vado mori.
Vado mori miles victo certamine belli,
Mortem non didici vincere vado mori.
Vado mori medicus, medicamine non relevandus,
Quicquid agunt medici respondo vado mori.
Vado mori logicus, aliis concludere novi,
Concludit breviter mors in vado mori.

"Earth out of earth is worldly wrought;
Earth hath gotten upon earth a dignity of nought;
Earth upon earth has set all his thought,
How that earth upon earth might be high brought.

"Earth upon earth would be a king,
But how that earth shall to earth he thinketh no thing.
When earth biddeth earth his rents home bring,
Then shall earth from earth have a hard parting.

* Since this was written I have learned that a version, with important differences, has been printed for the Warton Club, from a MS. in the possession of Mr. Ormsby Gore.

"Earth upon earth winneth castles and towers,
Then saith earth unto earth this is all ours;
But when earth upon earth has builded his bowers,

Then shall earth upon earth suffer hard showers.

"Earth upon earth hath wealth upon mould;
Earth goeth upon earth glittering all in gold,
Like as he unto earth never turn should,
And yet shall earth unto earth sooner than he would.

"Why that earth loveth earth wonder I think,
Or why that earth will for earth sweat and swink.

For when earth upon earth is brought within the brink,
Then shall earth for earth suffer a foul stink.

"As earth upon earth were the worthies nine,
And as earth upon earth in honor did shine;
But earth list not to know how they should incline,
And their gowns laid in the earth when death had made his fine.

"As earth upon earth full worthy was Joshua,
David, and worthy King Judas Maccabee,
They were but earth none of them three;
And so from earth unto earth they left their dignity.

"Alisander was but earth that all the world wan,
And Hector upon earth was held a worthy man,
And Julius Cæsar, that the Empire first began;
And now as earth within earth they lie pale and wan.

"Arthur was but earth for all his renown,
No more was King Charles nor Godfrey of Boulogne;
But now earth hath turned their noblenes upside down,
And thus earth goeth to earth by short conclusion.

"Whoso reckons also of William Conqueror,
King Henry the First that was of knighthood flower,
Earth hath closed them full straitly in his bower,—
So the end of worthiness,—here is no more succor.

"Now ye that live upon earth, both young and old,
Think how ye shall to earth, be ye never so bold;
Ye be unsiker, whether it be in heat or cold,
Like as your brethren did before, as I have told.

"Now ye folks that be here ye may not long endure,
But that ye shall turn to earth I do you ensure;
And if ye list of the truth to see a plain figure,
Go to St. Paul's and see the portraiture.

"All is earth and shall to earth as it sheweth there,
Therefore ere dreadful death with his dart you dare,
And for to turn into earth no man shall it forbear,

Wisely purvey you before, and thereof have no fear.

"Now sith by death we shall all pass, it is to us certain,
For of earth we come all, and to the earth shall turn again;
Therefore to strive or grudge it were but vain.
For all is earth and shall be earth—nothing more certain.

"Now earth upon earth consider thou may
How earth cometh to earth naked alway,
Why should earth upon earth go stout alway,
Since earth out of earth shall pass in poor array?

"I counsel you upon earth that wickedly have wrought,
That earth out of earth to bliss may be brought."

Of songs, nursery rhymes, and carols, there are very many, of which the next three are specimens:—

"Lulley, lulley, lulley, lulley,
The falcon hath borne my mate away,
He bare him up, he bare him down,
He bare him into an orchard brown.
Lulley, lulley, lulley, lulley,
The falcon hath borne my mate away.

"In that orchard there was a hall,
That was hanged with purple and pall,
And in that hall there was a bed,
That was hanged with gold so red,
Lulley, lulley, lulley, lulley.

"And in that bed there lyeth a knight,
His wounds were bleeding day and night;
By the bed side there kneeleth a may,
And she weepeth both night and day,
Lulley, lulley, lulley, lulley.

"And by the bed side there standeth a stone,
Corpus Christi is written thereon.
Lulley, lulley, lulley, lulley,
The falcon hath borne my mate away."

"I have twelve oxen, and they be fair and brown,
And they go a grazing down by the town,
With haye, with howe, with hoye!
Sawest thou not mine oxen, thou pretty little boy?

"I have twelve oxen, and they be fair and white,
And they go a grazing down by the dyke,
With haye, with howe, with hoye!
Sawest thou not mine oxen, thou pretty little boy?

"I have twelve oxen, and they be fair and black,
And they go a grazing down by the lake,
With haye, with howe, with hoye!
Sawest thou not mine oxen, thou pretty little boy?

"I have twelve oxen, and they be fair and red,
And they go a grazing down by the mead,
With haye, with howe, with hoye!
Sawest thou not mine oxen, thou pretty little boy?"

"Make me merry in hall and bower,
This time was born our Saviour.

"In this time God hath sent
His own Son to be present,
To dwell with us in verament,
God is our Saviour.

"In this time that is befall,
A child was born in an ox stall,
And after he died for us all,
God is our Saviour.

"In this time an Angel bright
Met three shepherds upon a night,
He bade them go anon of right
To God that is our Saviour.

"In this time now pray we
To Him that died for us on tree,
On us all to have pitee,
God is our Saviour."

And how exquisitely graceful too is this:—

"There is a flower sprung of a tree,
The root of it is called Jesse,
A flower of price,—
There is none such in Paradise.

"Of Lily white and Rose of Ryse,
Of Primrose and of Flower-de-Lyse,
Of all flowers in my devyce,
The flower of Jesse beareth the prize,
For most of all
To help our souls both great and small.

"I praise the flower of good Jesse,
Of all the flowers that ever shall be,
Uphold the flower of good Jesse,
And worship it for aye beautee;
For best of all
That ever was or ever be shall."

Mr. Hilles was a good Catholic. Amidst a multitude of religious poems of a Catholic kind, there is not one which could be construed as implying a leaning towards the Reformers; while under a certain legend of St. Gregory some indignant Protestant of the next generation has written a passionate anathema calling it lies of the devil and other similar hard names. A private diary of such a person therefore, of the years in which England was separated from the Papacy, is of especial interest:—

"1533. Stephen Peacock, haberdasher, mayor.

"This year, the 29th day of May, the Mayor of London, with the aldermen in scarlet gowns, went in barges to Greenwich, with their banners, as they were wont to bring the Mayor to Westminster and the

bachelor's barge hanged with cloth of gold on the outside with banners and bells upon them in their best manner, with a galley to wait upon her, and a foyst with a beast therein which shot many guns. And then they fetched Queen Anne up to the Tower of London; and in the way on land about Limehouse there shot many great chambers of guns, and two of the King's ships which lay by Limehouse shot many great guns, and at the Tower or she came on land was shot innumerable many guns.

"And on the 31st day of May, which was Whitsun even, she was conveyed in a chariot from the Tower of London to York-place, called Whitehall at Westminster; and at her departing from the Tower there was shot off guns which was innumerable to men's thinking: and in London divers pageants, that is to say,

- "One at Gracechurch;
- "One at Leadenhall;
- "One at the great Conduit;
- "One at the Standard;
- "The Crosse in Chepe new trimmed;
- "At the conduit at Paul's Gate;
- "At Paul's gate a branch of Roses;
- "Without at the east end of Paul's;
- "At the conduit in Fleet Street;

"And she was accompanied, first Frenchmen in — colored velvet and one white sleeve, and the horses trapped, and white crosses thereon; then rode gentlemen, then knights and lords in their degree, and there was two hats of maintenance, and many chariots, with lords and many gentlewomen on horseback following the chariots; and all the constables in London were in their best array, with white staves in their hands, to make room and to wait upon the Queen as far as —, and there rode with her sixteen knights of the Bath; and on Whit-Sunday she was crowned at Westminster with great solemnity; and jousts at Westminster all the Whitsun holidays, and the feast was kept in Westminster Hall, and jousts afore York Place called Whitehall.

"This year, in the beginning of September, Queen Anne was delivered of a woman child at Greenwich, which child was named Elizabeth.

"Item, this year foreign butchers sold flesh at Leadenhall, for the butchers of the city of London denied to sell beef for a halfpenny the pound according to the Act of Parliament.

"1534. Christopher Ascue, draper, mayor.

"This year, the 23rd day of November, preached at Paul's Cross the Abbot of Hyde, and there stood on a scaffold all the sermon time the Holy Maid of Kent, called [Elizabeth] Barton, and two monks of Canterbury, and two Friars observant, and two priests and two laymen, and after the sermon went

to the Tower. Also this year, on Palm Sunday even, which was the 28th day of March, was a great sudden tempest of wind, and broke open two windows at Whitehall at Westminster, and turned up the lead of the King's new Tennis Play at York Place, and broke off the tyles of three goldsmiths' houses in Lombard Street, and folded up the lead at Pewterers' Hall and cast it down into the yard, and blew down many tyles of houses in London, and trees about Shoreditch.

"Item, the first day of April, which was tenebre Wednesday, Wolf and his wife, that killed the two Lombards in a boat upon Thames, were hanged upon two gibbets by the water-side between London Bridge and Westminster; and on the Monday in Easter week the woman was buried at the Crossed Friars in London.

"Item, the 20th day of April, the parson of Aldmary (*sic*, but the real person was the priest of Aldington in Kent) Church, in London, was drawn on a hurdle from the Tower of London to the Tyburn and there hanged and headed. Item, two observant Friers drawn on a hurdle and both hanged and headed. Item, two monks of Canterbury, one was called Doctor Bocking, drawn on a hurdle and hanged and headed. Item, the Holy Maid of Kent was drawn on a hurdle to Tyburn and hanged and headed; and all the heads set upon London Brige and on the gates of London. Item, the 11th day of July, the Lord Dacres of the North was conveyed from the Tower of London to Westminster to receive judgment for treason, but there he was quit by a quest of Lords. Item, all men, English and others being in England, were sworn to be true to the King and his heirs between Queen Anne and him begotten and for to be begotten. Item, the Lord Thomas Garrard, of Ireland, beheaded the Bishop of Dublin, called Doctor Allen, as he would come into England. Item, a general peace cried between the King of England and the Scottish King for their lifetime. Item, there was a great sudden storm in the Narrow Sea, and two ships of the Zealand fleet were lost, with cloth and men and all, for they sank in the sea.

"Sir John Champneys, mayor.

"This year, in November, came over the high Admiral of France as ambassador from the French King, and he had great gifts and his costs provided for as long as he was in the Realm.

"1535. Item, the fourth day of May, the Prior of the Charterhouse in London, and two other monks of the Charterhouse in other places, and the father of the Place at Sion, being in a grey habit, and a priest which was, as men said, the vicar of Thystillworth, were drawn all from the Tower of London to Tyburn and hanged and their bowels burnt,

the heads cut off, and quartered, and the heads and quarters some set on London Brigg, and the rest upon all the gates of London and on the Charterhouse gate.

"Also shortly after the King caused his own head to be knotted and cut short, and his hair was not half an inch long, and so were all the lords, and all knights, gentlemen, and serving men that came to the court.

"Item, on Whitsun even was a great thunder in London. Item, the fourth day of June, a man and woman, born in Flanders, were burnt in Smithfield for heresy. Item, the 19th day of June, 3 monks of the order of the Charterhouse were drawn from the Tower to Tyburn, and there hanged and beheaded. Item, the 22nd day of June, the Bishop Rochester was beheaded at the Tower Hill, the head set on London Brigg and the body buried at Barking Churchyard. Item, the 6th day of July, Sir Thomas More, that sometime was Chancellor of England, was beheaded at Tower Hill, and his head set on the Brigg and the body buried in the Tower. Also this year the power and authority of the Pope was utterly made frustrate and of none effect within the Realm, and the King called Supreme Head under God of the Church of England; and that was read in the Church every Festival day; and the Pope's name was scraped out of every mass book and other books, and was called Bishop of Rome.

"1535-6. Sir John Allen, mercer, mayor.

"At the beginning of the time the sheriffs put away each of them six servants and six yeomen till they were compelled by the common council to take them again.

"Item, the Kennell Rakers of London had horns to blow to give folks warning to cast out their dust. Item, every man that had a well within his house to draw it three times in the week to wash the streets."

The murder committed by Wolfe and his wife, which is mentioned in the Diary, created so much sensation that it was discussed in Parliament, and was made the subject of a statute. The extraordinary beauty of the woman was used as a decoy to entice the merchants into a boat where the husband was concealed. They were killed and thrown overboard, and the wife, acting much like Mrs. Manning, took the keys from the body of one of them, went to his house and rifled his strong box. The burial of her body, while her husband was left upon the gibbet, was occasioned by a circumstance too horrible to be mentioned.

Next "follow parts of the statutes of England how every craftsman victualler shall be ruled :"—

"MILLERS.

"First, the assise of the Miller is that he have no measure at his mill but it be assised and sealed according to the King's standard, and he to have of every bushel of wheat a quart for the grinding; also, if he fetch it, another quart for the fetching; and of every bushel of malt a pint for the grinding, and if he fetch it another pint for the fetching. Also, that he change nor water no man's corn to give him the worse for the better, nor that we have no hogs, geese, nor ducks, nor no manner poultry but three hens and a duck; and if he do the contrary to any of these points his fine is at every time three shillings and four pence, and if he will not beware by two warnings the third time to be judged to the pillory.

"BAKERS.

"Also, the assise of bakers is sixpence highing and sixpence lowing in the price of a quarter of wheat; for if he lack an ounce in the weight of a farthing loaf he to be amerced at 20*d.*; and if he lack an ounce and a half he to be amerced at 2*s.* 6*d.*, in all bread so baked; and if he bake not after the assise of the statue he to be adjudged to the pillory.

"BREWERS.

"Also the assise of brewers is 12 pence highing and 12 pence lowing in the price of a quarter of malt, and evermore shilling to farthing; for when he buyeth a quarter malt for two shillings, then he shall sell a gallon of the best ale for two farthings, and so to make 48 gallons of a quarter malt. When he buyeth a quarter malt for three shillings, the gallon three farthings; for four shillings, the gallon four farthings; and so forth to 8 shillings, and no further. And that he set none ale a sale till he have sent for the ale taster, and as oft as he doth the contrary he to be merced at six pence; and that he sell none but by measure assised and sealed, and that he sell a quart ale upon his table for a farthing. And as oft as he doth the contrary to sell not after the price of malt, he to be amerced the first time 12 pence, the second time 20 pence, the third time three and four pence; and if he will not beware by these warnings, the next time to be judged to the cucking stole, and the next time to the pillory.

"AN ORDINANCE FOR BAKERS.

"By the discretion and ordinance of our lord the King, weights and measures were made. It is to know that an English penny, which is called a round sterling and without clipping shall weigh 32 corns of wheat taken out of the middle of the ear, and twenty pence make an ounce, and twelve ounces make a pound, which is twenty shillings sterling; and eight pounds of wheat maketh a

gallon of corn, and eight gallons make a London bushel, which is the eighth part of a quarter.

"When the quarter of wheat is sold for a shilling, then the wastell, well bouted and clean, shall weigh six pounds sixteen shillings. The loaf of a quarter of the same corn and the same bultell shall weigh more than the said wastell two shillings. The symnell of a quarter shall weigh less than the said wastell two shillings, because that is boyled and clean. The loaf of clean wheat of a quarter shall weigh a coket and a half, and the loaf of all corns of a quarter shall weigh two cokets; and it is understand that the baker so may get of every quarter of wheat as it is proved by the King's bakers four pence and the bran, and two loaves to furnace of the price of two pence; and three servants a penny farthing, and two grooms a farthing; in salt a farthing; in yeast a farthing, in candell and in wood three pence, in bultell allowed a farthing.

"Two or four loaves are made to be sold for a penny: none other kind of bread to be made of great price, but only two or four loaves to a penny. There is no bread made to be sold of three quarters; nor of five quarters; also, there shall be no bread made of corn the which shall be worse in breaking than it is without. It is to know that of old custom of the city of London, by authority of divers Parliaments affirmed for divers weights which the citizens of London suffer in the bakers which they have had and have been wont to have in every assise of bread, the settling of two pence in a quarter of wheat above all foreign bakers in the realm of England; so that in assise of wheat when a quarter wheat is sold for five shillings, then it shall be set to the bakers of London seven shillings for assise; and so of every other assise two shillings to the increase.

"The assise of bread after that above contained truly may be holden after the selling of wheat; that is to say, of the best price, of the second price, and of the third, and as well wastell bread as other bread shall be weighed after, of what kind so ever it be, as it is above by a mean price of wheat; and then the assise or the weight of bread, shall not be changed but by six pence increasing or distressing in the selling of a quarter of wheat. Also, the baker shall be amerced 2s. 6d., and his quartern bread may be proved faulty in weight; and if he pass the number he shall go to the pillory, and the judgment of the trespass shall not be forgiven for gold nor silver; and every baker must have his own mark on every manner bread; and after eight days bread should not be weighed: and if it be found that the quartern bread of the baker be faulty he shall be amerced 15d., and unto

the number of 2s. 6d. And it is to know that the baker ought not to go to the pillory, but if he pass the number of 2s. 6d. default quartern bread, and he shall not be merced, but if the default of bread pass 15d.

"*The Rule set upon White Bakers and Brown Bakers.*—The rule is that white bakers should inowe make and bake all manner of bread, and that they can make of wheat: that is for to say, white loaf bread, wastell buns, and all manner white bread that hath been used of old time; and they inowe make wheat bread sometimes called Crybill bread, and basket bread such as is sold in Cheep to poor people. But the white bread baker shall bake no horse bread of any assise, neither of his own neither of none other men's, to sell. The brown baker shall inowe make and bake wheat bread as it cometh ground from the mill, without any boulding of the same; also horse bread of clean beans and peasen; and also bread called household bread, for the which they shall take for every bushel kneading bringing home 1 penny; but they shall bake no white bread of any assise, neither of their own, neither of none other men's to sell. And what person of the said bakers offend in any of the articles above writ, shall as oft as he may be proved guilty pay 6s. 8d., half to the use of the Chamber of London, and the other half to the use of the master of the bakers.

"THE ASSISE OF BREAD WITHIN LONDON.

"*Mem.*—That the farthing loaf of all grains, and the farthing horse loaf, is of like weight.

"*Mem.*—That the halfpenny white loaf of Stratford must weigh two ounces more than the halfpenny white loaf of London.

"That the penny wheat loaf of Stratford must weigh six oz. more than the penny wheat loaf of London.

"The halfpenny wheat loaf of Stratford must weigh three ounces more than the halfpenny wheat loaf of London.

"Three halfpenny white loaves of Stratford must weigh as much as the penny wheat loaf.

"The loaf of all grains: that is, the wheat loaf, must weigh as much as the penny wheat loaf and the halfpenny white loaf.

"The chete white loaf must weigh 12 oz.

"The chete white brown loaf must weigh 18 oz."

After so much solid matter, our repast shall be completed with something of a lighter kind. A list of "Divers good proverbs" is curious, as showing the long growth and long endurance of established maxims of practical wisdom. They are written in a distinct and singular hand, not to be traced elsewhere in prose or poetry:

"When ye proffer the pigge open the poke.

Whyle the grasse growyth the hors stervyth.

Sone it sherpyth that thorne wyll be.

It ys a sotyll mouse that slepyth in the cattys ear.

Nede makyth the old wyffe to trotte.

A byrde yn honde ys better than three yn the wode.

And hevyn fell we shall have meny larkys.

A shorte hors ys sone curried.

Though peper be blek yt hath a gode smek.

Of a rugged colte cumyth a gode hors.

Fayre behestys makyth ffolys fayn.

All thyngs hath a begynnyng.

Wepyn makyth pese dyvers tymes.

Wynter etyth that somer getyth.

He that ys warnyd before ys not begylyd.

He that wyll not be warnyd by hys owne fader, }

He shall be warnyd by hys step fader. }

Pryde goeth beffore and shame comyth after. }

Oftyn tymys provyth the fruyght afore, }

The stok that hyt comyth off. }

Hyt ys a febyll tre thet fallyth at the fyrst strok.

Hyt fallyth yn a day that fallyth not all the yere afore.

Whyle the fote warmyth the shoe harmyth.

A softe fyre makyth swete malte.

When the stede ys stolen shyte the stabyll dore.

Merry hondys makyth lyght werke.

When thou hast well done hange up thy hacket.

Yt ys not all gold that glowyth.

Oftyn tymys the arrow hytteth the shoter.

Yt ys comonly sayd that all men be not trew.

That nature gevyth no man can tak away.

Thys arrow comyth never owte of thyn owne bow.

Sone crokyth the tre that crokyed wyll be.

When the liors walowyth some herys be loste.

Thys day a man, to-morrow non.

Seld sene sone forgotyn.

When the bely ys full the bonys wold have craft.

Better yt ys to be unborn than untawght.

He that no good can nor non wyll lern, }

Yf he never thryve, who shall hym werne? }

He that all covetyth often all lesyth.

Never hope, herte wold breste.

Hasty man lakkyth never woo.

A gode begynnyng makyth a gode endyng.

Better yt ys late than never.

Poverte partyth felyshype.

Brente honde fyre dredyth.

Non sygheth so sore as the gloton that may no more.

He may lyghtly swym that ys held up by the chyn.

Clyme not to hve lest chypys fall yn thyn eie.

An skabbyd shepe ynfecyth all the folde.

All the keys hange not by one manys gyrdyll.

Better yt ys to lese cloth than brede.

He that hath nede must blowe at the cole.

Of all the treasures of the volume, the richest are perhaps the hymns and metrical prayers to the Virgin, of which there are great numbers and every variety. Some are in English, some in English and Latin. Here are three in different styles :

"Mary mother, thee I pray,

To be our help at Domys day ;

"At Domys day when we shall rise,

And come before the high Justice,

And give account for our service,

What helpeth then our clothing gay ?

"When we shall come before his doom,

What will us help there all and some ?

We shall stand as sorry grooms,

Yclad in a full poor array.

"That ylke day without lesing,

Many a man his hands shall wring,

And repent him sore for his living,

Then it is too late as I you say.

"Therefore I rede ye both day and night,

Make ye ready to God Almighty ;

For in this land is king nor knight,

That wot when he shall wend away.

"That child that was born on Mary,

He glads all this company,

And for his love make we merry,

That for us died on Good Friday."

"Mater ora filium,

Up post hoc exilium,

Nobis donet gaudium

Beatorum omnium."

"Faire maiden, who is this bairn

That thou bearest in thine arm ?

Sir, it is a Kingis son,

That in Heaven above doth wonne.

Mater ora filium, etc.

"Man to Father he hath none,

But himself God alone ;

Of a maiden he would be borne,

To save mankind that was forlorn.

Mater ora filium, etc.

"Three Kings brought him presents,

Gold, myrrh, and frankinsense,

To my Son full of might,

King of Kings and lord of right.

Mater ora filium, etc.

"Faire maiden pray for us

Unto thy Son, sweet Jesus,

That he will send us of his grace

In Heaven on high to have a place.

Mater ora filium, etc."

"Ave Maria, now say we so,

Maid and mother were never no mo.

"Gaude Maria, Christis moder,

Mary mild, of thee I mean,

Thou bare my lord thou bare my brother,

Thou bear a lovely child and clean.

Thou stoodest full styll withouten blyn

When in thine ear that errand was done.

The gracious Lord thee light within,

Gabrielis nuntio.

"Gaude Maria, yglent with grace,

When Jesus, thy Son, on thee was bore,

Full nigh thy breast thou gave him brace,

He sucked, he sighed, he wept full sore ;

Thou feedest the flower that never shall fade,

With maiden's milk, and song thereto ;

Lulley, my sweet, I bare thee, babe,
Cum pudoris lillio.

"Oh, Gaude Maria, thy mirth was away
When Christ on cross thy Son did die
Full dolefully on Good Friday,
That many a mother's son it sye.
His blood us brought from care and strife,
His watery wounds us wisshes from woe.
The third day from death to life
Fulget resurrectio.

"Gaude Maria, thou birde so bright,
Brighter than blossom that bloweth on hill,
Joyful thou wert to see that sight,
When the Apostles so smet (sic) of will,
All and some did cry full shrill
When the fairest of shape went you fro.
From earth to Heaven he stayed full still,
Motuque fertur proprio.

"Gaude Maria, thou rose of ryse,
Maiden and mother, both gentle and free;
Precious princess, peerless of price,
Thy bower is next the Trinity;
Thy Son as lawe asketh a right,
In body and soul thee took him to;
Thou reigned in Heaven like as we find
In cœli palacio.

"Now blessed birde, we pray thee abone,
Before thy Son for us thou fall,
And pray him as he was on the rood done,
And for us drank aysell and gall,
That we may wonne within that wall,
Wherever is well withouten woe,
And grant that grace unto us all
In perenni gaudio."

"SEQUUNTUR MIRABILIA.

"*Ad faciendum unumquemque hominum duo capita.*

"Sume sulphur et argentam vivam, et pone
ad lumen lampadis, et unusquisque putabit
socium suum habere duo capita.

"*Ut homo videatur habere duo capita equina.*

"Accipe medullam equi, et ceram virgin-
eam, et fac candelam, et accende.

"*Ut omnia instrumenta in domo appareant
serpentes.*

"Recipe serpentem et coque, et sume pingue-
dinem ejus, et fac candelam cum aliâ cerâ, et
illumina.

"*Si vis facere lumen per vim animi.*

"Accipe vermes qui lucent de nocte et pone
in vase vitreo continente radium solis quousque
fiet aqua, et tunc pone illam in lampade, et
luet sicut candela, et probatum est.

"*Ut homines ardere appareant.*

"Recipe sanguinem leporis, et ceram vir-
gineam, et fac candelam, et illumina.

"Item capiat is argentum vivum, et ponatis
ipsum in aliquo vitro, et etiam aquam ardentem,
et aquam vitæ, et projiciatis tres vel quatuor
guttas in igne—si fuerit aliqua mulier corrupta
statim debet mingere et non aliter."

"Gossips mine" has been printed from an-
other manuscript by the Percy Society. To
most readers of *Fraser*, however, it is likely
to be new. I select it from the humorous
poems as being capable (which most of them
are not) of being printed without omissions.
The necessary discretion, it will be seen, has
been supplied by the author.

"How gossips mine, gossips mine,
When shall we go to the wine.

"I shall tell you a good sport,
How gossips gather them of a sort,
Their sick bodies to comfort,
When they meet in land or street.

"But I dare not for your displeasure,
Tell of these matters half the substance;
But yet somewhat of their governance,
So far as I dare I will declare.

"Good gossip mine, where have ye been;
It is so long sith I you seen.
Where is the best wine, tell you me.
Can ye aught tell? Yea, full well.

"I know a draught of merry go down,
The best it is in all the town.
But yet I would not for my gown,
My husband wist. Ye may me trist.

"Call forth our gossips, bye-and-bye,
Eleanor, Joan, and Margery,
Margaret, Alice, and Cecily;
For they will come, both all and some.

"And each of them will somewhat bring,
Goose or pig, or capon's wing,
Pasties of pigeons, or some such thing.
For we must eat some manner meat.

"Go before, between, and tween,
Wisely that ye be not seen;
For I must home and come again.
To wit I wis where my husband is.

"A strype or two God might send me,
If my husband might here see me.
She is afeared, let her flee,
Quoth Alice then,—I dread no men.

"Now we be in the tavern set,
A draught of the best let him fet,
To bring our husbands out of debt;
For we will spend—till God more send.

"Each of them brought forth their dish,
Some brought flesh and some brought fish,
Quoth Margaret make—now with a wish,
I would that Anne were here; she would
make us cheer.

"How say ye, gossips, is the wine good?
That is it, quoth Eleanor, by the rood.
It cheereth the heart and comforts the blood.
Such jonkets among shall make us live long.

"Anne bade fill a pot of muscadell;
For of all wines I love it well.
Sweet wines keep my body in hell.
If I had it not I should take great thought.

"How look ye, gossips, at the board's end.
Not merry, gossips? God it amend,

All shall be well, else God it defend,
Be merry and glad, and sit not so sad.

"Would God I had done after your counsel;
For my husband is so fell;
He beateth me like the Devil in hell;
And the more I cry the less mercy.

"Alice with a loud voice spake then:
I wis, she said, little good he can,
That beateth or striketh any woman,
And specially his wife, God give him short
life.

"Margaret meek said, so might I thrive;
I know no man that is alive
That give me two strokes, but he shall have
five.

I am not afeard though he have a beard.

"One cast down her shot, and went away.
Gossip, quoth Eleanor, what did she pay?
Not but a penny! So, therefore, I say
She shall no more be of our lore.

"Such guests we may have enow,
That will not for their shot allow.
With whom came she? Gossip, with you
Nay, quoth Joan: I came alone.

"Now reckon our shot, and go we home,
What cometh to each of us but threepence?

Pardye, that is but a small expense
For such a sort, and all but sport.

"Turn down the street when ye come out,
And we will compass around about.
Gossip, quoth Anne, what needeth that doubt,
Your husbands be pleased when ye be eased.

"Whatsoever any man think,
We came for naught but for good drink.
Now let us go home and wink,
For it may be seen where we have been.

"This is the thought that gossips take.
Once in a week merry they will make,
And all small drinks they will forsake;
But wine of the best shall have no rest.

"Some be at the tavern thrice in the week,
And so be some every day eke,
Or else they will groan and make them seek,
For things used will not be refused."

We have thrown our net almost at random;
yet there are few palates which will not have
found something to please them among the
specimens which we have brought together.
Let us repeat our hope that the entire collection
may before long be committed to the
more secure custody, as well as the more
accessible form, of a printed volume.

J. A. FROUDE.

"THE HOPES OF THE SESSION ARE ALL
FLED AWAY."

A WHIG LAMENT.

AIR—"The Flowers of the Forest."

I've seen Pam laughing, the Derbytes chaffing,
The Derbytes chaffing, so jaunty and gay;
Now the Whig Tapers low burn at Broadlands
and Woburn,

The Hopes of the Session are all fled away!

At Brookes's each morning, no Osborne is
scorning,

The Fox-Club is silent, and sad and drait;
With importance diminished, when dinner is
finished,

Each man takes his beaver, and hies him
away.

Suspended the rush is to Cambridge House
crushes,

The Duke of Argyle's gone to Carlsbad to
play;

The star of Clanricarde to a rush-light has
flickered,

The Hopes of the Session are all fled away!

The loaves and the fishes have left Hayter's
dishes,

At the pay-office dawneth no Whig quarter-
day;

Despite Cardwell's motion, and Bob Lowe's
devotion,

The Hopes of the Session are all fled away!

Round the lobbies at gloaming the Whig whips
are roaming,

Their pack, once so tame, running wildly
astray;

On divisions checkmated, in speaking o'er-
weighted,

The Hopes of the Session are all fled away!

With Bright up to back them, and Smith to
attack them,

The Cabinet pluckily carries the day;

More far and far off is the Pisgah of office,

The Hopes of the Session are all fled away!

—Punch.

THE DEBTOR.—In England—Hesperian soil
—the debtor wears no slavish yoke, loses no
limb, is fixed to no stake, bears no ignominious
impress. No, in this our happy country, where
Law is the bright babe begotten by Wisdom
upon Justice, the debtor is only—skinned alive.
—Jerrold.

REASON AND REVELATION.—He that takes
away reason to make way for revelation, puts
out the light of both, and is as if he would per-
suade a man to put out his eyes the better to re-
ceive the remote light of an invisible star by a
telescope.—Locke.

ZEAL.—An old English divine says that reli-
gious zeal, though a sweet Christian grace, is
exceedingly apt to sour.

From The National Magazine.

PENLISK.

PART I. SOPHIA.

June 184.—“We know where we are, but we know not where we may be,” is the paraphrase I am inclined to make of the wise apophthegm. A year, six months, nay three months ago, had any one prophesied to me my present location, how I should have stared, and been incredulous! Yet here I am, in this queerest of Cornish towns, a sort of prisoner in the midst of this largest of young families, and altogether cheated and disappointed of that for which I came. Confound it, what a fool I was to come at all! Gladfield warned me; he has been here once. Does any one ever come a second time, I wonder? Isn't Penlisk a bourne to which no traveller ever returns?

“What!” cried Gladfield, “going down to Penlisk, to stay with the Cardews? Alas, my friend, 'tis all over with thee, then. I shall never see thee any more.”

“Be good enough to explain,” said I somewhat stiffly, for certain conscious reasons of my own.

“Why, in the first place, Penlisk is—Penlisk. You'll know the force of the word when once you're there. If you escape alive from it, I shall marvel. Secondly, the Cardew family consists of about seventeen daughters, all brought up to the matrimonial business. As for escaping *that*, there's no chance for you whatever. Poor fellow!”

“Well, reserve your compassion till I claim it,” I loftily rejoined. “I see nothing wonderful nor pitiable in the case. Mr. Cardew is an old friend and connection of my father's, and is kind enough to ask me to stay with him for a week or two. Cornwall is a part of the country that I have never seen; and, in short, I like to go. We're not all such bigots to Pall Mall and St. James's Street as you have grown. So good-by, my fine fellow; I wish you joy of your precious London in these June days.”

“*Bon voyage!*” he laughed as we parted.

He turned into the Acropolis Club-house. I went to my bootmaker to refresh his memory as to certain articles destined to tread the unknown land of Cornwall the following week.

Well, I told Gladfield the truth; but not all the truth. The fact is, I should probably not have accepted Mr. Cardew's cordial invitation,—though he is my father's friend, and

though I am unacquainted with the West country,—had not another consideration weighed in the balance. That consideration was—O beauty, potent enchantress! O bewildering, fascinating, provoking, perplexing Woman generally, and Sophia Cardew especially!

Yes; I met her several times this spring. She was staying with her cousins in Brunswick Square. Any thing so pretty and fair and piquante I thought I had never seen. It was like meeting a sea-breeze, to look at her fresh face at one of those everlasting evening-parties that Brunswick-Square people delight in inflicting on their friends. Once, too, at a Chiswick flower-show I walked by her side for a whole hour, and looked at her instead of the flowers, and responded to all her artless expressions of delight and admiration; and I must say that, to the best of my belief, my attentions were neither disagreeable nor unappreciated. She wore a pink dress and a white bonnet, and had a tiny little parasol with long fringe that had a knack of catching at various things *en passant*. To help her out of such little disasters was indeed a happy privilege; and to be smiled at and thanked, and see the little parasol waved about again with the prettiest air of triumph;—ah, Lionel Stayre, no wonder you confessed to yourself the same night, when you heard that next day she was to return to her home in the Cornish fastnesses,—no wonder you recognised the pang that wrenched your very inmost being, and knew that this, this, *this* was the real, true, abiding sentiment, compared to which all the others had been but false, illusory, evanescent.

Well, well, well, well, and here I am, in that very home, in the midst of an unknown land; and here, for my sins and follies, I seem booked to remain. Confound it, I say again! Look here, this is the state of the case. Travelled by express as far as I could; coached the rest; arrived at Penlisk. There, at the portico of the Royal Hotel, where the coach stopped, stood Mr. Cardew and two sons to receive me. Hearty welcome. Conducted to the Cardew mansion, not fifty yards from the hotel, situated, like it, in the Grand Square of Penlisk. Entered Cardew drawing-room, heart beating like the express-engine. Stout, kindly-looking, motherly lady in brown satin rises to greet me; little girl nursing doll at the window peers at me shyly

with eyes,—younger sisters to Sophia's; but Sophia is not there. Heart beats *diminuendo rallentando*. A few civilities are exchanged, in the midst of which,

"Rosalie," says Mrs. Cardew to the little girl, "go and tell—"

Ah! heart goes on again *accelerando con strepito*.

"—Betsy to bring wine-glasses. We don't dine till five," she adds, turning to me; "and I am sure you will be glad of refreshment."

I replied besittingly. Heart had fallen down altogether as low as it could, I thought; but I found a deeper deep for it to live in, when, ten minutes afterwards, Mrs. Cardew observed, in answer to some artful question of mine respecting Miss Rosilie, "O no, there are two younger than she is; Robert is the next eldest, and then Charlottan, and then Charlie, and then—But you met our eldest girl, I think, in London this spring. Sophia-Jane"—(Sophia-Jane! a name I detest. What a mania these Cornish folk have for spoiling one pretty name by tying it indivisibly on to another in this way!)—"mentioned having seen you at the Glovers."

I bowed, and trusted Miss Cardew was well.

"O yes, the dear child; she and Charlottan are away on a visit just now in Devonshire, and enjoying themselves greatly. M—m—m—m—gur—m—m—"

This last is intended for no reflection on Mrs. Cardew's pronunciation. It is simply what I heard during the remainder of her speech. I swallowed my wine, and then made a speedy retreat to my apartment. I will draw a veil over the feelings of the next hour; suffice it, they were fierce, wild, furious. How to devise an excuse for leaving, when I had come to stay three weeks certain, and as much longer as I could,—there was the rub. I looked out of my window on the Grand Square. Every thing was in a white heat: tranquilly baking stood the little stone houses that ran up into the street at the end; the Royal Hotel looked large and massive, like an over-done cake; the town-hall, of massive granite, shone and sparkled exasperatingly; and the stone post in the centre of the square, with an iron cage for a lamp at the top, glared defiantly, I thought. On the one side that this last threw a long brown shadow, was clustered together all the human life then visible—two or three miners, and a very small

boy languidly playing at marbles with himself. But no, I wrong the population of Penlisk. At one of the windows of the tall Londonish houses, standing at right angles with that in which I was, I perceived the figures of two ladies—nay, their faces. How could I help it? for they were regarding me with intentness, and an eager desire for information impressed upon their features, such as one seldom meets with elsewhere than in a country town. Not till I had amply returned their gaze did they remove it; and then it was with a gloomy dissatisfied air, as of people wrongfully interrupted in the pursuit of their legitimate studies. But far be it from me to deery such tastes for laudable inquiry. How soon may it be my own case! Nay, already I have—but let me not anticipate.

Dinner-time arrived, and I had to make myself pleasant to my host and hostess and the two boys. This was our party, and I don't think it was any prepossession on my part which caused me to find it rather slow. Robert and Charlie bent their heads over their plates, stole furtive glances at me, and only spoke to each other under their breath, with choked gurgling laughter after each remark. Mr. Cardew tried various topics, and I tried to be interested in them, vainly; and the hostess confined her conversation to incessant demands on my appetite, and recommendations of the several good things with which the table was laden. During dessert Mr. Cardew proposed a drive. Should I like a drive? I caught at it eagerly; and it was arranged that Charlie, Robert, and I should go together in the "bouncer"—so they call dog-carts in these parts—to some place with a queer name that sounded like Poppellick.

So we went along a road with high green banks each side and an undulating country around, with ploughed fields, corn-fields, and hay-fields duly divided by hedges; and a church here, and a clump of cottages there, and so on. Well, I could have seen the same thing within twenty miles of my native Notting Hill. Had I travelled two hundred and fifty miles for this? Presently Charlie pointed with his whip, and in a gruff, shy voice remarked,

"There's St. Quick." (Mind, I won't be responsible for the orthography of these Cornish names, nor for the canonical correctness of Cornish saints I never heard before of.

such saints as Quick, Quier, and Cheot; but they have a church a-piece down here, and are all right, I suppose.)

"There's St. Quick," said Charlie.

I looked, and saw in the distance a tower with four points, and trees about it.

"O!" said I, intelligently, "that's St. Quick, is it?"

"Yes,—there's a story about it—don't you know?" pursued Charlie, waxing more confident and loquacious.

And he told me the story at some length, with occasional interruptions and emendations from Master Robert behind. In the very midst of it, a sharp turn in the road, or rather lane, brought us wheel to wheel with a great hay-waggon, toiling on in the same direction with ourselves. Snap—dash—crash,—it was the work of a minute, and then I found myself comfortably deposited among the knotted ferns and greenery of the left-hand bank, and staring at the two boys, who seemed to have fallen on their feet like cats, and were already rushing to the horse's head, and roaring out at the top of their voices to that animal and to the waggoner. The latter at length appeared dimly to understand that something was wrong. There followed an interval of loud speaking in an extraordinary dialect I couldn't attempt to follow: then they began to unharness the horse; I thought I might as well lend a hand, and accordingly went through the evolution necessary to what a novelist would call "springing to my feet;" but it was a lamentable failure. With an irrepressible groan I fell back again, recognising that something was wrong. At first I thought I had broken both legs, but it proved to be only one,—only one, only helplessness and cripplehood for a month or two; only a month or two at Penlisk—caged, prisoned, caged, cribbed, confined: ye avenging fates! All this passed through my mind with the first sickening pang of the broken bone. No wonder that a second groan, deeper than the first, escaped me, attracting the attention of Charlie, who evidently regarded me with profound scorn for being such a "sop" as to care about a tumble from a dog-cart. Bless you, he was used to it; he thought nothing about it.

"But I've broken my right leg, Charlie," said I, meekly and entreatingly; "and I can't move; and—"

And then I effected the climax to my generally unheroic behavior by fainting, dead.

*** Three stars beautifully express the blank lapse of time that ensued; and they may as well stand for the tedious way back to Penlisk, when I lay among the hay in the wagon, which fortunately for me was going our way. What need is there to recapitulate all that followed? Mrs. Cardew's alarm, and sympathy, and kindness; Mr. Cardew's grim edition of the same, interspersed with emphatic criticism on Charlie's driving; the band of little boys gathered round the door to see me carried in; and the earnest, frowning interest taken in the whole proceeding by the two ladies opposite; then the surgeon, and a long time of feverish suffering; and at last a little sleep. I lost count of the few days that followed; all I know is, that here I am, just now allowed to be moved on to the sofa by my bedroom window, and to read, write, and talk as I like.

As for talking, it doesn't come much in my way; Mr. Cardew is too busy a man to have time for long chats, except in the evening, when I'm tired and glad to go to bed. The boys haven't got over their fright and relapse of shyness yet. As for my hostess—bless her warm motherly heart!—she is a kind and tender a nurse as breathes in this land of ours (which, as regards its nurses, may well claim to be called Christian England); but conversation is not her forte. She can discourse of her neighbors, her children, her house, her servants, and of illness generally; and on various styles of remedial treatment she will wax eloquent; but out of these themes she is dumb. So when I had heard all about Robert's scarlet-fever, and how all the children had the measles at once, six years ago, and how Charlottan sprained her ankle, and Sophia-Jane (ah, Sophia!) ran the point of a parasol into her eye when she was quite a baby, &c.,—these subjects once exhausted, we were stranded high and dry upon the shores of Silence.

Then as regards reading,—Well, they ransacked the book-shelves for me, and produced a heterogeneous lot of volumes, among which, of course, were *Paul and Virginia*, and *Travels in India*, published some fifty years ago, Tillotson's *Sermons*, and an odd volume of *Sir Charles Grandison*. Happily there were others also, more modern and entertaining; but I found it impossible to read much. At the present writing, looking out of window is the employment which I find

most conducive to my manly entertainment. When Charlie comes up to see me, I detain him to ask the names of the various passers-by. This answers the double use of wearing off his shyness, and enlightening my mind: I think I know most of the townspeople by sight. I can now detect Mrs. Rodby, or Mrs. Quid, at the end of the street; and have learnt to distinguish the different members of the tribe of brown-hatted damsels, and even to remember their names, and apply them properly. I know, for instance, Eliza Mary Samuel Noon from Eliza Mary Daniel Noon, her cousin; and I think this sort of discrimination is creditable, besides being particularly necessary in Penlisk, where there seem to me to be dozens of people bearing similar, if not identical, appellations. At first I was puzzled enough by such answers as these to my catechism:

"Who is that, Charlie?"

"She's called Budd—Christiana Budd."

"And the others, behind?"

"Mrs. and Miss Tubb."

"Who is that young man?"

"Reginald Budd."

"Brother of Miss Christiana, I suppose?"

"O no; no relation. He's a lawyer—he's in partnership with Mr. Soam."

"Is that Mr. Soam speaking to him?"

"No; that's Mr. Frome of Bidmon; not Mr. Frome that's in pa's office, you know. No relation; but he's a lawyer, too."

Of course he was. I soon became prepared for that almost inevitable answer to any question concerning the profession or employment of the men who attracted my notice. Nothing struck me with a keener sense of desolation in Penlisk than thus finding myself literally surrounded with lawyers. At first my solicitude and compassion for the unlucky town itself was almost painful; but this feeling was gradually assuaged when I discovered by experience that at least three-fourths of these legal gentlemen were providentially rendered harmless by the fact of their having nothing to do. No: their days seemed to flow by in such calm and innocuous employments as escorting a brown hat or two through the street, going into the club-room at the hotel to see the papers, or standing on the hotel-steps to watch the mail come in. I should do them wrong, I am sure, if I held them accountable for more mischief than

may be involved in these pursuits,—a more innocent set of attorneys were never enrolled; I believe; and it is an exquisite instance of the beautiful theory of compensation; for were it otherwise, were all these lawyerly regular specimens of the animal, claws, teeth, and practice complete,—poor Penlisk had emulated the fate of the Kilkenny cats long since. No town could exist five years with such a population.

Well, these observations and speculations bring me wearily through the day; but I confess I grow sick at heart of nights, and long for some more nourishing mental aliment than looking out of window affords me.

Nevertheless I do not deny that necessity has proved a good tutor; and I take kindly to the only relaxation at present within my power. I am not without an interest in the affairs of the people I see. And Charlie is growing communicative. Only this morning he came in with a face eloquent of news, and burst out with it to his mother as she sat placidly sewing beside my sofa.

"Ma, there's going to be a picnic on Friday-week at St. Nellion's cottage; and a dance. Thirty people are asked. All the Noons, and the Thirks, and the Whists are coming." And he ran over a dozen more of the queer Penlisk one-syllabled names. "And they want our pony; and they've asked me and Bob. We may go, mayn't we, ma? And the pony too?"

"Who gives the picnic, my dear? And don't speak so loud; remember poor Mr. Stayre is an invalid."

"It's the bachelor's picnic, ma," Charlie resumed in a whisper. "Captain Quid came home for a fortnight's leave yesterday; and he and John Clayton and the two Polfrys are getting it up. Look there!" cried he, in excitement, and at the top of his voice,— "there goes Stephen Polfry into the hotel to order the wine. And there's Captain Quid and Mrs. Quid coming up the street. Lor! And there comes Henrietta Whist and Miss Parkis. If that isn't fun,—by George!"

He subsided into intent observation. As for me, I was already using my eyes diligently. Yes, there came the bronzed young sailor and his mother; and meeting them, the two ladies. Miss Parkis I knew by sight; Miss Whist, from Bidmon, was a stranger—and a graceful and pretty one. There was a

greeting, hand-shaking, talking, laughing. Then they all walked on together; and Charlie took breath.

"By George!" said he again,—the exclamation seeming wonderfully to relieve his mind; and then he looked at his mother, who was knitting again in her usual serenity.

"Why, Charlie, what's the matter?" I inquired, "is there any thing so remarkable in the fact of Captain Quid meeting Miss Parkis and Miss Whist?"

"O, you don't know all the fuss there was: Miss Parkis used to like young Quid years ago; and he—well, he wasn't smitten, p'raps, but I do believe he was spooney, for a little while. But that was three years ago. Now, since he's come back, they say he's regularly in love with Henrietta Whist. She is pretty, isn't she?"

I was curious to know the subtle distinction between spooney, smitten, and regularly in love, and asked for interpretation. At which he wriggled about shyly for a few minutes, after the manner of boys, and colored and stammered a little.

"You see, when a fellow's only spooney, he makes a noise about it, and goes after a girl, and flirts, and all that; but when it's a regular smite, he takes it quietly, and isn't half so mad, somehow. Don't you understand?"

I did, too well. I nodded. Mrs. Cardew here broke in with some warmth.

"What in the world do you know about such things, Charles? Talk about what you understand, my dear, and leave other matters alone."

"Well, ma, every body says Captain Quid is after Henrietta Whist. And as for Miss Parkis, she's such a flirt!—why, ma, you know at the last ball how she went on with young Wood. And all last summer—"

"Yes, it's certainly true," said Mrs. Cardew, drawn irresistibly into the stream of conversation; "and Miss Parkis has been a great deal talked about for her flirting with gentlemen. She is getting on, you see; can't be far from thirty now; and they *do* say she is ready to accept the first offer she can get. There was a great fuss some years ago, when her engagement with a Mr. Lupton of St. Fiery was broken off. It was entirely her own fault, I believe. She behaved very indiscreetly, there is no doubt. When an en-

gaged young lady flirts so tremendously with a stranger (as Mr. Simcox was; he came from London, on a visit to Mr. Tubbs), and goes on so foolishly as *she* did,—you can't wonder at people talking. But I make a point," concluded the good lady, drawing herself up with an air of Roman virtue, "never to repeat the reports I hear. Penlisk is such a place for gossip—quite dreadful. The only way is to keep *quite* aloof from it all."

"And, ma, Bob and I can go on Wednesday, can't we? Pa says we can, if you like it."

"Well, I suppose—dear me, what a pity but Mr. Stayre could go! You are so completely a prisoner—you will see nothing of Cornwall." And, for the hundredth time Mrs. Cardew bewailed the acknowledged fact of my broken leg. More to the purpose were her maternal regrets that Charlottan and Sophia Jane would not return in time to join the party. No; they would not be back for three weeks yet, and could not by any possibility join the picnic that was to take place in eight days. It was a pity, it really was.

"But, ma," roared Charlie, in the energy of a sudden thought, "isn't Kitty to be here on Tuesday? For a jolly long holiday too! Pa said so—pa had a letter this morning. Ma, I say, isn't she?"

"Do *not* make such a noise, my dear. Yes, to be sure, I forgot dear Kitty. Kitty is coming to us for her holidays, of course. Yes, she will be with us; she will like to go to the picnic, poor child. I must tell Mrs. Quid she is to be at home." And she prosed on, dear placid soul, long after Charlie had leapt out of the room, and was across the square into the street, out of sight.

Well, this picnic was really a boon to me in my then exhausted state. It was fun to watch the young ladies of Penlisk, walking together in couples after their manner, meeting each other, and immediately plunging into eager converse on the one important subject. It was fun also when these fair braces of birds encountered a masculine covey. In Penlisk, I observe, gentlemen prefer to move about in flocks, so to speak. They rarely risk themselves abroad but in bands or lines of three or four at the least. To see them form into square at the approach

of the brown hats, and receive the charge unshrinking, is one of the prettiest sights my window affords me.

But, alas, a calamity was hovering near. Charlie first announced it one evening, as I was contemplating the crimson light shining through the beech-trees of Mayor Boyce's garden opposite; the daily glimpse of sunset that I always watched for.

"Ah, there it is!" ejaculated the lad following the direction of my eyes; red enough isn't it? Out on the hill, all that side of the sky's regularly on fire, with a great heap of clouds lying about the sun; and the Quakers' annual meeting begins to-morrow! Well, I suppose there never was any thing planned, that bad weather didn't come in to spoil it."

"I don't think it is going to rain," I said languidly, rather puzzled by his dismal look; "and besides, what does the Quakers' meeting signify to *you*?"

He looked at me with a sort of impatient compassion of my ignorance.

"Signify! why there never was a Quakers' annual yet, without pelting rain all the time. And it lasts the week; and our picnic's fixed for Friday. Now don't you see?"

I did see, and remained humbly silent. Charlie rested his elbows on the window-sill, and moodily looked out. Observation might take its customary Sunday-evening ration. People were straggling by, returned from their after-church walk. The genteel population were but scantily represented. The "lower orders" seemed to have had almost the exclusive enjoyment of the glorious sunset, the pleasant evening air. One or two groups of Quakers, indeed, were to be seen; and I heard Charlie grumble, under his breath, as they passed. He evidently considered them as responsible for the bad weather he was anticipating. But they looked placid and harmless, as usual. I confess to a prepossession in favor of the Quakers; I rather liked Penlisk for being so abundant in them. The women especially; soft-eyed and soft-robed, so exquisitely neat and pure-looking. "Every Quakeress is a lily," says Charles Lamb; and there was one sweet old lady whose face I saw through the vista of her telescopic bonnet, who certainly well justified the comparison.

Well, I had enough of Quakers next morning. The meeting commenced in the forenoon; and the soberly-clad, demure folk

trooped by, the men bearing large umbrellas, for, alas, too truly didst thou prophecy, Charlie; the rain had set in, and with earnest steady good-will. Penlisk is celebrated for rain; I give my testimony to the justice of Fame, so far. Never did I see such a quiet, contented, continual downpour as this, which, with no apparent violence or remarkable accessions of energy, soon made the face of the Grand Square to stream with scores of little narrow channels, in a manner very unbefitting its dignity.

At first I found a certain amusement in watching this unique sort of weather. There were sights to be seen too. Two little boys running through the torrent, enjoying the fun of getting wet, while the maid toiled after them with an umbrella; Mayor Boyce looking out of window with his hands in his pockets; the Bidmon van coming in—drenched horses and driver, miserable-looking inside-passengers. All this was during the first, and exciting part of the morning; later, the Grand Square was deserted indeed, I watched for half an hour, and only saw one girl run into the baker's shop opposite, and a pig, who was enjoying the nutritious and salubrious refreshment of proceeding through the gutter on three legs and a nose.

I leaned back on my sofa, and felt dismal, I confess. I had received that morning a note from Gladfield, containing a brief but unctuous mention of sundry parties to Greenwich, Richmond, &c., and a brilliant fête at Lady ——'s villa at Twickenham, whereto I had been invited. Ordinarily I don't care for whitebait feasts, or summer-parties to people's villas. But coming on me now, tied to my sofa, and with the look-out from my window over Penlisk Square for the sole food of my eyes, and Penlisk gossip alone for my mental sustenance, well, I inclined somewhat to Greenwich and Twickenham.

The children were fretful with confinement to the house, and inharmonious sounds from the distant nursery began to assail my ears. The drip, drip, of the ceaseless rain on the window-pane afflicted me with nervous impatience. The misty view of the country over the tops of the opposite houses caused me to experience a sort of fury. What *was* it, even when the rain cleared off? A more uninteresting tract of country did not exist, I was ready to depone: corn-fields, turnip-fields, clover-fields, divided from each other by

hedges; a little copse here, and there the ugly embankment of the railway that has been in progress so many years, and is still going on slowly." "Slowly" indeed! Every thing I saw, heard of, or thought of in Penlisk, was "slow." And I had travelled upwards of two hundred miles, to break my leg and enjoy the delight of this entertaining town and charming neighborhood.

Then, Mrs. Cardew came to sit with me, and tried to amuse me by repeating some of the gossip of the place, interspersed with her own moral reflections on the ill-nature of some people, and how Penlisk really *was* considered a very scandalising town; but how she always kept aloof from it all, and left her neighbors alone, as she herself wished to be left alone; though, of course, she didn't care if they did talk about her, being perfectly indifferent to any thing they might say, &c. And then she went on to say how Mrs. Pell of the villas had had an awning erected over her drawing-room window; and how absurdly Mrs. Snell, next door, had tried to imitate it with a tablecloth; and Miss Geel had put up an old piece of carpet, &c.; also, how everybody was talking about the way in which Miss Parkis ran after Captain Quid; and that all the Penlisk young ladies found it impossible to go anywhere, in or out of the town without taking Spy Street in their way.

"Where Mrs. Quid's house is, you know, my dear. Really, the way girls run after gentlemen in this place is beyond belief. It usen't to be so in *my* young days. But now, if you'll believe me, Mr. Stayre, there isn't an eligible young man in Penlisk who isn't really pestered with admirers. I call it shameful. I am only thankful both my dear girls are safely engaged, and not to Penlisk gentlemen; I should be very sorry if a daughter of mine had a husband so spoiled by admiration as these young men are here."

I duly sympathised. Did I mention that I had been for some time in possession of the fact of Sophia's engagement? Yes, she and her sister were engaged to two brothers, with whose family they were now staying. Engaged just after her return from London, this spring. O yes. But what mattered it to me? What was Sophia-Jane to me? The means of bringing me to Penlisk simply. There had been times when I was tempted to wish I had never looked on Sophia-Jane. . . . When I reverted to Mrs. Cardew's

conversation, she was speculating on the effect *I* should produce, when I was sufficiently recovered to appear on the surface of Penlisk society.

"You will have *your* share, I don't doubt," said the candid lady: and she went on, till I know I was blushing like any girl; for I own my idea of woman is something too sweet and sacred for me to endure with impunity its being so rudely touched upon. The notion of the artless admiration—so ingenuously manifested by these young ladies, as Mrs. Cardew described,—for Messrs. Polfry, Clayton, and Quid, or finally, myself, was not pleasant. I am aware I lay myself open to a sneer by this declaration. "You're very *young*," one or two would say to me. Stinging as that adjective is to a youth under five-and-twenty, I am content to brave its sharpness. I have had a mother, and I have a sister; and I trust never to grow so old as to cease to think purely and reverently of all women—if only for their dear sakes.

I did not like Penlisk any better after Mrs. Cardew's friendly endeavor to entertain me that wet morning; I was wearied out body and mind; I felt sick for fresh air; I yearned for a wholesome breeze, that my lungs and my spirit might inhale strength and health again. But there seemed no chance of either. The rain persisted and persisted all through that day and night, and the next morning it was the same. Gray, hopeless, dreary, the same prospect repelled my eyes. When Charlie came up to play a game of chess, his thoughts were gloomily entangled with the weather and the picnic; and I gave him scholar's mate, and relieved his mind by declining to play any more. In the afternoon, Mrs. Cardew's motherly kindness was pained by my haggard wretched looks, and the doctor deciding that I might be safely permitted so to do, and that change of scene might do me good—I was led into the family sitting-room, and established on a sofa by the window. There was a garden to look at, green and pleasant, looking happy enough in the drenching rain; a blessed relief from that monotonous, gray, dull street. I really felt comforted. I found a lazy enjoyment in making acquaintance with the physiognomy and details of this new apartment. The other had grown into a very nightmare; the pattern of the paper, the shape of the chairs, the folds of the curtains, actually chafed my

eyes that were so accustomed to them. I liked to see the children, who were allowed to come in on condition of being quiet. I made acquaintance with Rosalie; and was informed by the sturdy boy they called baby that he didn't like me, and that he had been in the splash; which last information his delighted mother explained to me meant that he had run out at the open door half an hour before, and tumbled into a pool of water—bless him!

In fact, I found my position improved. Moreover, I had pleasant food for reflection in the doctor's verdict that in another week I might safely travel; and my state of mind grew more composed and placid, in evidence of which, after dinner I fell into a sweet and profound sleep.

PART II. KITTY.

I WAS awakened by a sensation as of a draught of cold air across my face, and the sound of rustling skirts and rapid footsteps. Opening my eyes, I saw Mrs. Cardew's flounce disappear behind the door, which was then carefully closed. But the good lady could not stop the chorus which was issuing from her many children, assembled in the passage.

"Kitty's come, ma; Kitty's come! She's in the gig; she's wet through."

And then the utterances became unintelligible, and evidently a great deal of embracing was going on. Finally, the troops appeared to be filing off up-stairs. I closed my eyes again.

"Another child, I suppose, to add to the small Cardew circle. I hope it's a quiet one."

And I yawned, and began to consider that I was tired,—with sleep, probably, as the mantel-clock informed me I had been taking that refreshment for four consecutive hours. I sat up, looked out at the rain, which was going on as usual, and then at the Cornish newspaper. When little Rosalie popped her head in at the door to see if I were asleep, I was studying the provincial intelligence, and was not at all grieved at the interruption. Then followed Mrs. Cardew, anxious to know if I could bear the fatigue of the family tea-party; if not, they would have tea in another room. I eagerly deprecated the last amendment; I assured her that my own thoughts were the most fatiguing of influences, and that I was only wearied of solitude. I also

adverted to the new-comer, and kindly hoped the little girl wasn't very wet. My hostess looked puzzled; but quick-witted Rosalie leaped to the correct conclusion at once.

"He means Kitty, mamma. He doesn't know that Kitty's a young lady. Why, she's older than sister Sophia-Jane, Mr. Stayre!" the child volunteered to inform me. The intelligence gave me a sort of prick. I really felt half-ashamed of my natural interest and curiosity in the new arrival, now I knew she was "a young lady." I resolved in my own mind to keep completely quiet; to look on, and say nothing; and not be moved from my equanimity though Miss Kitty proved a Venus, Hebe, and Minerva in one. Which she didn't. There was nothing of the heathen goddess about the lady, who presently came into the room, surrounded by the glad group of eager children. Meanwhile, in the intervals of tea-brewing, Mrs. Cardew had explained to me that Miss Trevanion—Kitty—was Mr. Cardew's sister's orphan-daughter. She was in a situation, as governess, at Bristol, and always spent her summer holidays with them. This year, her pupils were going to spend two months in Germany, so she would remain with them till September. She was going on to tell me how they wished her always to live with them, but she had such an independent little spirit that—when the subject of discourse ended it by appearing on the scene. After all, I had been quite right, and she *was* a "little girl:" a tiny little thing, brown complexioned, and with eyes of no particular color or lustre, I thought, and features nothing to signify. But a pleasant, healthful-looking, vivacious, and sweet-voiced young woman, as I decided to myself after five minutes' observation. My feelings were purely reasonable, you may perceive. Had I felt in the least inclined to sentimentalise, could I have thought of her for one instant as "a young woman"? No.

Nevertheless, tea-time passed all the more pleasantly for the new-comer. I, lazily stretched on my sofa, sipping my tea, listened to the talking, and was silent and observant, according to my self-imposed rule. After the first introduction, and when my hostess had been happily interrupted in the very commencement of a long description of "poor Mr. Stayre's accident," no notice was taken of me; and I could see that, very soon, Miss Trevanion was completely oblivious of

the presence of "a stranger." She was at home, with those who loved her and whom she loved. It was quite pleasant to see her happy face. I noted the hearty greeting of Mr. Cardew to his niece. I remarked Charlie's blunt boyish fondness for his cousin, and the general air of liveliness that her coming diffused among their whole circle. The children were allowed to come to tea in the parlor in honor of her arrival. It was quite a little festival.

"Glad to be back in old Penlisk, eh, Kitty?" said Mr. Cardew. "Does the place look natural?"

"O, doesn't it!" she said, her eyes shining; and then she laughed at the ungoverned-like exclamation, and was silent for half a minute.

"It poured the whole way from Rock Point," said Charlie, who, it seemed, had been to meet her at the station, and driven her the twenty miles thence. "Our Kitty's a good one to travel. *She* didn't care; I think she liked it."

"I was glad to see the old road again," she said; "the sight of the hedges, and the beautiful high fern-grown banks, was a happiness in itself. Even the rain was like a friend. It doesn't rain so freshly and honestly about Bristol, as it does here in Cornwall. O, there's no place like it in the whole world!"

"More there is," grunted Charlie *sotto voce*; while Mr. Cardew said, "Well done, Kitty! The West country never needs an advocate when you're here," and stroked the young lady's hair, at which she looked up at him, smiling and coloring, and appearing, for the minute at least, quite pretty, as I was constrained to admit to myself.

"You'll find Penlisk very much as you left it, my dear," Mrs. Cardew chimed in; "no changes, no improvements that I see. It's a very stand-still place."

"I don't wish it changed, aunt," said Miss Trevanion, promptly. "I like the quaint gray houses, and the narrow hilly streets. Don't get it improved on my account, please. I wouldn't have it made modern and convenient, and like other towns, for the world."

"You little Conservative! don't you know we're all R-formers in Penlisk?" cried her uncle.

"Well, let people reform themselves, and leave the town alone," she replied, laughing; to which Mrs. Cardew gravely assented.

"Yes, indeed; they might well do that: there's plenty of room," she said, shaking her head ominously.

"How so, dear aunt?" cried Kitty's clear courageous little voice. "People are not worse in Penlisk than in other places, are they?"

"I'm sure I don't know, my dear," the matron rejoined. "They are bad enough here. Things go on really I can't tell you how. Such flirting, and boldness, and foolishness, among the girls. As for the men, I never knew such a set of vain, stuck-up, senseless creatures as they are become. They get worse and worse."

"All the men vain, and all the women bold! O aunt, I can't believe that of Penlisk men and women. I like my townspeople, and I want to think well of them."

"If you can. Well, we shall see," said the severe lady, whose husband, laughing as he rose from the breakfast-table, patted his niece on the shoulder, and said, "You see you're wanted. Poor Penlisk needs a champion."

Mrs. Cardew shook her head gravely, and resumed, "Well, my dear, you will have an opportunity of judging for yourself in a few days. Charlie, did you give your cousin that card of invitation to the bachelors' picnic? It's for next Friday, my love. The boys are going. You'll like it, I suppose?"

"O yes!" and the girl's pleasant laugh rang cheerily to my distant sofa, as she read over the card, and asked how she should reply to it.

"The Bachelors of Penlisk request the honor—' What a formidable phalanx one imagines! The honor of my company was never before requested by so many at once. What am I to say, aunt? 'Miss Trevanion will be happy to accept the Bachelors of Penlisk'— That sounds strange for a beginning; I shouldn't wonder if people said it was 'bold.'"

"Ha, ha! that sort of thing would be uncommonly like *you*, Kitty," roared Charlie, in superb satire.

"Tell it not in Gath," interjected Mr. Cardew, who also seemed amused at the idea, as he collected his letters, and turned to leave the room.

"My dear, you had much better tell it in Gath than in Penlisk," gravely rejoined his matter-of-fact wife. "A word is enough for some of the people here to—"

"O aunt, dear aunt!" cried Kitty, laughing and deprecating.

I saw that she had wound her arm round her aunt's capacious waist, and was looking up coaxingly in her face. The good lady's cynical mood was not potent to withstand such softening influences. She bent down and kissed her.

"My dear, my dear; I wish there were more like you. But really the scandalizing that goes on here—"

"It's all because Sophy and Lotty are away. When they are at home, you never hear any of the foolish gossip that is going about. There are some dreadful old ladies of your acquaintance, dear aunt, who make a point of fastening on you when you are left daughterless and unprotected. Let them look to themselves: Kitty's at home!"

And I heard the vibration of her laugh along the passage, and up the staircase, as she went with her aunt and the children to the nursery. And, indeed, it must be confessed that the fact, "Kitty's at home," made itself sufficiently manifest day by day. Never was there such a busy, important little personage. She was here, there, everywhere. She pervaded the house like a fresh breeze let in at the windows. I wondered how they ever got on without her. "Where's Kitty?" was the constant cry of all the family, from Mr. Cardew as he came in at dinner-time, down to baby, who roared for "Kicky" in his infantine lisp, and would not be pacified till he was taken into that young lady's embrace. She helped her aunt with her sewing; she helped the nurse dress the children; she helped her uncle sort his letters, and find his mislaid papers; she helped the boys in all their many requirements; and she had time besides to devote to every living thing that claimed her services. The very cat had a sleeker look since she came. The boys' pony looked for its wisp of fresh grass at her hands every time it came to the gate; and listened, with one ear bent back, to her pleasant voice, calling it pet-names. There never was such a bright, cheerful, ready, clever little thing: I am prepared to own that much. The visitors that come to pay calls (now I am located in the sitting-room I see them all, and am duly edified by their conversation) wear a more genial expression, and take a pleasanter tone when she comes into the room. People

can't help responding to her cheery, frank sweetness of look and manner. Only once—no, twice—have I seen that happy serenity of hers ruffled. Only twice—and she has been here a week now—have I seen the slightest hint of what old ladies call "a little temper" in Miss Katherine Trevanion. The first time, I was the unlucky provocateur. It was the day after she came; and, somehow, when she was sitting at the table, beside her aunt, helping to diminish the contents of the mending-basket, I found myself swerving from the rule of perfect indifference and taciturnity, which I had imposed on myself,—somehow I found I was trying to draw Miss Trevanion into conversation. And although her voice took a somewhat subdued cadence, and her manner received the slightest possible accession of dignity, I found it was not such a difficult achievement as I have known it prove in some cases. This young lady's was one of those simple unself-conscious natures who have too little vanity to be what is generally termed "shy," and who, perhaps, have too much real reticence to appear very "reserved" on the surface; even as the deepest streams generally are the clearest. She responded courteously and frankly to my remarks on the weather, her journey, and such harmless topics; but apparently did not care to promote conversation by starting any subject on her own account. So our talk flagged when I had to stop and consider what I should say next. Mrs. Cardew filled up the pause—

"Poor Mr. Stayre was very unfortunate, wasn't he, Kitty? His accident happened the very first day he was here."

"Very unfortunate," she assented. And raising her compassionate brown eyes to my face, she added: "And you can have seen nothing of the country?"

"O, I went to St.—St. Something's Well," I said, with an infatuated idea that I was going to be very witty and agreeable. "I saw a high road, and some lanes,—corn-fields, and so on."

"Do you catalogue the prospect in that fashion?" she returned, with an amused smile curling her lip. And I had not the sense to perceive she was amused at, and not with, me.

"O, this is not a very pretty part of Cornwall," said Mrs. Cardew in her slow placid

way. "About Trethell and Nook there is much more to see. We've nothing at all remarkable about Penlisk."

"Except the rain, ma'am," I impulsively put in, with a laugh. Whereupon I could see that my laugh displeased Miss Trevanion, whose color came rapidly into her face, and retreated slowly, as I noted it had a trick of doing when she was particularly earnest, or surprised, or pleased, or, as now, *not* pleased. And it was on the present occasion that I discovered that this young lady was susceptible of other emotions than those gentle and amiable ones which I had hitherto seen her display. I cannot say I liked her less for resenting my impertinence. Want of appreciation of her beloved Cornwall was evidently a capital crime in her eyes: and I chid myself for the half sneer into which I had been betrayed. No chance of retrieving myself was afforded me that morning, however. Not another glance was deigned in my direction; and an inquiry from her of her aunt, as to the best way of patching little Rosalie's frock, elicited from the matron a slow stream of work-table talk, utterly mysterious to me, which sufficiently put any other subject out of the question.

But next morning it happened that two ladies called to see Mrs. Cardew, in whom I recognised my friends of the inquiring minds, whose faces I had so often encountered peering over the blinds of the opposite house. The two Miss Bodes were angular ladies of that calibre of appearance which has so unjustly become identified as "old-maidish." Their four steel-gray eyes *pierced* into whatever they were directed towards; I declare I repeatedly felt four little pricks as of punctures, about my face during their visit. Their two Roman noses came down in dignified curves over their two thin mouths and pointed chins. They were not lovely to behold; and I did not find their manners make amends by sweetness and urbanity for their hard features and sour looks. After shaking hands gravely and even gloomily with Mrs. Cardew and Miss Trevanion, and bending stiffly to me, in acknowledgment of my presentation, they sat down, and fell into sombre conversation on the weather, on the state of Penlisk streets, &c. &c. Turning to me with an awful air, at once solemn and *brusque*:

"How do you like our town?" questioned one, looking inexorable as the Grand Inquisi-

tor. I was glad to escape a possible heresy, by pleading ignorance on the subject.

"Ah,—broke your leg. Seen nothing, I suppose? Pity. Not that you lose much. Penlisk's a stupid place. Nothing to see."

"Indeed," I said, seeing that she paused for some acknowledgment of her intelligence.

"Dullest place in the world. Nothing going on but scandal. Not that I ought to speak against it to *you*," continued this candid lady, with a wiry little laugh. "Young men are considered precious hereabouts. They like to catch them, and keep them, when they come here; that is, the young ladies do. Don't mean you, Miss Kitty: you live away; we don't call you a Penlisk woman."

"But I call myself one, and I *am* one," cried the young lady, in whose cheeks I had observed the crimson signal of displeasure fluttering ever since Miss Bode commenced her instructive conversation with me; "and I am not ashamed of my town."

"Nor of your townfolk?" suggested the thin lips.

"No; except when they deery each other, and try to prejudice strangers against their town," said Miss Trevanion fearlessly. "I think that mean and unworthy; and I dislike and am ashamed of meanness and unworthiness wherever I meet with them."

I expected an outbreak, perhaps a pitched battle, to follow this frank expression of opinion; but it seemed that Miss Trevanion was better acquainted with the person she had to deal with, who smiled sourly, and only said: "There's plenty to be ashamed of in Penlisk, my dear. But I'm glad you like it so much;"—and paused; in the which pause came in the voice of the other sister, who was gruffly and confidentially bending her distinguished features very close to Mrs. Cardew.

"All the town is talking of it. She was seen walking with him three miles away on the Trethell road. Mr. Graves happened to be passing on horseback, and saw them. If it isn't an engagement—"

"My dear Lavinia," interposed the second Roman nose, "you know very well it *cannot* be an engagement. A very discreditable flirtation, doubtless,—but nothing more. After the things that young man has said of Matilda Ann Parkis, it's *impossible*!"—with tremendous emphasis.

"Certainly, she has been very much talked about," admitted Mrs. Cardew.

"Talked about! It was a public thing. Such a barefaced *pursuit* of a young man, my dear Mrs. Cardew, I suppose never was known. He had to go home to dinner by the back lanes,—a different way every day,—to avoid her; and then she actually dodged him, ma'am. One day, Mrs. Price told me, she saw him dart down the archway under the brewery, when he saw her parasol at the end of the street; and he came out again by Hanger's Lane. But there she was before him, Mrs. Price said."

"Mrs. Price had better attend to her family, than look after other people's affairs, and talk about them as she does," observed my Miss Bode loftily. "That woman spends all her time in prying about her neighbors, and telling what she sees and hears; while her children go wild about the streets, and the baby's long robe is in tatters. I've seen it."

"Well, Mrs. Price or not," persisted the other, "we all know what Matilda Ann Parkis is capable of."

"O, I don't doubt my own eyes, my dear; and I've seen such manœuvring and flirting—such conduct convinces me. But as for believing half of what I hear in Penlisk, I never do. As for Mrs. Price, she is quite as bad in her way as Miss Parkis is in hers;—I don't know if it isn't worse. After all, Matilda Ann is only like the rest of the Penlisk girls. They all run after the gentlemen; it's a well-known fact."

"O!" cried a clear indignant voice, and paused to draw a deep breath. Yes; Kitty was in arms. Figuratively speaking, she had buckled on her breastplate, drawn her sword, and thrown aside the sheath; and now she charged the foe, the crimson flag flying, the light as of glancing steel flashing in her eyes. As the signal to "advance" was that quick, sharp, emphatic "O!" She went on with the hurried but clear utterance of strong earnestness: "Is there nothing of good that you can find to say of these girls? Don't you know that Miss Parkis, for instance,—motherless from her infancy,—now works hard to support her invalid father as well as herself?"

"Nobody denies that, my dear," inserted the enemy doggedly. "I never said she wasn't industrious. That doesn't prevent her being as arrant a flirt as exists in the three kingdoms."

"You might at least have mentioned that

she possessed some good qualities, before you proceeded to detail the bad ones."

"My dear, it would have been beside the question; we were mentioning *flirtation*. No good qualities are connected with barefaced coquetry, that I know of."

"She has been motherless since infancy," repeated Kitty, her eyes growing very bright, almost glistening with her earnestness. "Much ought to be forgiven a motherless girl."

"Well, well; I admit she isn't so much worse than plenty other girls who haven't her excuses," Miss Bode observed hastily. "The flirting business goes on pretty briskly in Penlisk, setting her little affairs out of the question."

"Well, even if they are as bad as you say," persisted Miss Trevanion, with strong reproach, "can't you pity them in silence? Don't you feel that it is being almost as bad as the offender, to go about expatiating on the offence, circulating the knowledge, dwelling upon it, exulting in it? And you must know that it is not true that what you say of 'all the Penlisk girls.' You know many that are good, sweet, womanly; can't you tell us of their doings? Doesn't Henrietta Whist go about the poor cottages, reading to the old people, teaching the children—helping everybody? Isn't Maria Budd loved wherever she goes? I have heard you say, that when you were ill, it was like sunshine in the room when her sweet face entered it. Are not my own two cousins dear and good girls, that any place might be proud of? O Miss Bode, you do yourself more injustice than you can render to Penlisk or its people, when you bel them wholesale, as you have been doing. No one would suppose you to be capable of the kind generous things I have known you to do, if we judged you by what say."

"Kitty, my dear," remonstrated Mrs. Cardew.

"O, let her go on; I don't mind what she says," said Miss Bode, smiling with a more genial expression than I had hitherto seen on her face; "I've known her since she was a baby, and she's privileged."

"Yes, but you ought to mind what I say," cried the little warrior, waving the figurative sword high above her head. "You ought to have more pride in being a Cornish woman, and a Penlisk woman, than to seek out and

expatiate on the weaknesses of the place to—to strangers."

"Well, if that's the grievance, I dare say that Mr. Stayre will listen to *your* account of Penlisk, my dear," came a parting fire. But Miss Trevanion interrupted with quick displeasure:

"No, indeed; I leave it to speak for itself. Neither Cornwall nor its people require my advocacy, or any one's. No, indeed!" she said again, the earnest voice quivering, the clear eyes flashing.

"Miss Trevanion is perfectly right," said I, eagerly sympathising; "that which we love, be it country or friend, is tacitly humiliated by being praised to indifferent ears. Cornwall generally, and Penlisk particularly, may be left to speak for themselves, I imagine."

"Penlisk people may, I assure you," snapped the cynical Miss Bode, as she rose to take leave; "they're a gossiping set. Yes, Katherine my dear, they are. I dare say you have found that out already, Mr. Stayre? I should like to know your *candid* opinion of our town and people. But I'm not likely to hear it, I'm aware."

And with her queer sour smile, she nodded; and the two sisters departed, escorted to the door by the valorous Kitty. I heard vocal sounds as of a sharp skirmish all along the passage, till it stopped at the closing of the front-door. Mrs. Cardew, meanwhile, had commenced a sort of monologue on the usual theme of Penlisk gossipry, of which I only heard the opening observation; for, indeed, I had lapsed into profound meditation. The exact subject thereof, I should now have some difficulty in deciding. It began with Penlisk and its society, but certainly did not end there. No; for I found myself murmuring under my breath, but with deep mental emphasis, six words: "*The greatest of these is charity.*"

There is certainly nothing like the temporary loss of a habitual blessing to teach our selfish hearts appreciation and gratitude. And it is curious how a regained power, like that of moving, walking, and going about, transfigures every thing, and makes the worn-out old world quite new and bright again. I think I never in my life enjoyed so keenly the fresh air, the benignant sunshine, the summer radiance that was over every thing, as I did during the other afternoon, when I

was allowed for the first time since my accident, to "take an airing." How beautiful the country looked! I don't know the name of the place whither we went, but the way was through lanes arched with richly-foliaged trees, and whose high banks were glorious with ferns in a very triumph and exultation of luxuriance, and fragrant with honey-suckle, that seemed flung in garlands about the hedges everywhere. Now and again we had glimpses of the country beyond; here sinking into a green wooded valley, and there undulating into corn-fields, or rising into abrupt brown hills that shut in the horizon sternly. It was a perpetually varying landscape; and yet amid all its changes, it preserved a striking individuality. I could understand Miss Trevanion's glad pride in the "dear old Cornish land," as she looked round and recognised the familiar landmarks. Charlie did all the talking part of the enthusiasm; she only *looked* her delight. Mrs. Cardew was mildly conversational, after her wont, and required no answers; and I was well content to do nothing but regale my eyes with what was set before them. At one place Charlie and his cousin alighted, and gathered bunches of wild-flowers, some of which were given me. How beautiful wild-flowers are! how brilliant yet tender, and delicate yet vital, in color, and form, and growth! Yes; and I admitted that never, in any part of England, had I before seen such infinite variety of floral wealth as this wayside hedge afforded. I was as happy as a child with my flowers, and I examined, and studied and tried to remember their names after we came home. For the drive ended,—but more are to come: I am to go out every day. In another week I may *walk* out, says the doctor. Excellent good news! I long to ramble about, and peer into the hidden beauties of this Cornwall. Even immediately around Penlisk there is much to see, I feel sure.

To-day is the day of the picnic. Miss Trevanion, Charlie, and Bob set out early; looking extremely sweet, in a white frock, and a bonnet with forget-me-nots about it—I mean, of course, the lady. I hope they will enjoy themselves. It is a beautiful day. The square has been quite gay, and also noisy, all the morning, with carriages, dog-carts, and every genteel variety of vehicle, besides the two wagons carrying provisions and servants,—all bound for St. Nellion's

Cottage. A party of gentlemen on horse-back have just gone by—queer-looking fellows; and it's odd how seldom one sees a man ride well in the country. There goes Mrs. Price too, leaving the baby squalling in the arms of that young stupid-looking nurse. Fine development of the maternal instinct in Penlisk ladies; with all those flounces, and that shawl, and the most radiant of faces, she sets off on a party of pleasure, neglecting all the most sacred—

Halté là! I am positively retrograding into the uncharitable and scandalising mood. What would Kitty—Miss Trevanion—say? I'll take up the book she left on the table, and read.

Ah! Mrs. Price has jumped out of the chaise, and is standing on the door-step, fondling and soothing the baby. I maligned her; saw imperfectly; decided hastily—because I had nothing to do. Behold the materials out of which slanders are manufactured. After all, *am* I any better than the Penlisk gossips I have often decried and laughed at, in what my conscience tells me was a pharisaical spirit? Not better, but a great deal worse, I believe. For I have lived in a wider area; my ideas have had a less limited range; I have been *taught* at least more elevated views and aspirations; and I have had a more varied experience wherewith to supply the storehouse of Thought and Memory. All these things make the tendency to scandal in me twentyfold less excusable and more hateful.

Pharisaical indeed was I in presuming to judge my Penlisk acquaintance as I have done. What old gossip in all country-town-don could have taken more kindly to prying and concerning myself with other folks' affairs than did I, when my interests were suddenly limited to the four walls of my room and the view from the window? Has any one ever yielded more easily than myself, I wonder, to the influence of that disastrous epidemic—idleness? Have I not found it the mother of ill-nature, of vain trifling, of foolishness of many kinds?

I remember thinking thus, one day. I ventured to communicate my thoughts to Miss Trevanion, who was arranging flowers in the drawing-room, while I, from the garden outside, lounged on the window-sill watching her. And I concluded my discourse by volunteering to excuse in the most

amiable and charitable manner all the shortcomings and faults of all the Penlisk people, of whom I had often thought, and sometimes spoken, severely enough. The malicious small-talk, the unkind depreciation of each other, the little envies, and hatreds and divers uncharitablenesses of some, the enthusiastic pursuit of masculine society by others—I smoothed down, softened off, looked indulgently on. To my surprise, my remarks were not at all warmly responded to by the arranger of the flowers. She kept her head bent over the geraniums and verbenas; but I could detect the color rising into the clear cheek, and that the delicate lips quivered with their own peculiar evidence of emotion. All she said was, "You think so?" in a low tone, less of sympathy than of reproach.

"What do *you* think, then?" I said. The head was bent lower yet, and a lovely branch of flowering myrtle was busily manipulated, I noticed. A shower of snowy leaves fell from between the slender ruthless fingers. Still not a word, and I repeated my question; whereat she snapped the myrtle-spray in two, and then pushed back the braids of dark hair from her forehead. These little troubled evolutions over, nothing was left but to speak; which she did, as if desperately, at last, and with a sort of sigh trembling through the rapidly yet distinctly uttered words:

"I think that we have no right either to palliate faults, or to judge those who are faulty."

And after this sententious little speech she slipped to the other side of the room with two filled vases of flowers, which she was a long time arranging on the console. Evidently she desired no rejoinder, nor to enter into any discussion on the merits or demerits of her townsfolk. *She*, at least, is purely free from the provincial tendency to "talk over" her neighbors, their sayings and doings. Yes; I confess I feel humiliated when I think how much nobility and simple unconscious goodness is existent in that slight girlish little creature, with her delicate intelligence, her refinement, and sense, and feeling; who is "out on the world," making her own way, earning her own bread, and is so blithe and sweet and womanly withal.

And here am I, a man with my fortune provided—saved by my good father before me. Behold me, to whom every thing has been made easy throughout my life: hard-

ship, difficulty, struggle,—I have known none of those things which cause a man to exercise his strength, call upon his energies, and test the calibre of his manhood.

I begin to think myself a small fellow enough. I never thought so before either, which is the more humbling to me now. How superior I have held myself, for instance, to the people here! How freely, and with what judicial authority, have I commented upon them, their faults and follies! Especially with what presumptuous conceit have I looked down on men who are content to lead "vegetable lives" in this remote place,—their interests narrowed, their aspirations lowered, as I have pronounced them necessarily to be!

Look at home, Lionel Stayre. What have I done so very great in the world, I wonder? Now I come to think of it, nothing! What lofty aspirations have I striven after? what grand examples have I followed? And yet with what perfect self-complacency have I always looked on myself and my life, till now! How I have mentally thanked Heaven that placed me in circumstances favorable to my intellectual culture, and the growth of experience! How glad I have been that I was not as other men are!—in Penlisk, for instance.

Somehow, a different air has breathed itself into my philosophy. I am more inclined to be severe on the accomplished men of the world, among whom my acquaintance hitherto has principally been; who turn all their advantages to ignoble, or at best inadequate, uses; and who, though their intellectual aspirations may be higher than those of the quiet lives that pass in country places, are certainly neither morally nor spiritually to be exalted above them. And these are the men whom I have been ambitious of emulating. After all, I question whether men like Mr. Cardew and Stephen Polfrey do not lead better lives than such as they.

No doubt an enforced time of quiet, such as these six weeks have been to me, wholesomely enforces meditation and introspection. I don't remember ever feeling so little satisfied with myself in all my life before. It seems to me that my twenty-six years have been profitless, vain, unworthy; I have distinguished them by no particular ill-doing, that is all the negative praise I can bestow. And some men at my age have a past to look back on, which,

if it be not glorious, is at least glowing with the promise of the future. But I, with no object, no profession, no place in the world, not even a pursuit, except that very vague one of "student."

It shall be a vague one no longer. When I go back to London, to the old chambers, it shall no longer be to the old life. I declare solemnly I will make acquaintance with that most sacred and ennobling institution of Work.

When I go back? Yes; that wont be just yet. But I record my vow.

It is astonishing how swiftly time slips by when a man is enjoying the recovered use of his powers of walking. I could never have believed that I should so lose all count of days, and even weeks—at Penlisk, too, of all places. Yesterday came a letter from my brother-in-law, reminding me of my long-ago promise to come and help him shoot his partridges on the first week of September. Next Tuesday week he says I am to come. Can it be possible? Are we in the last days of August? By the almanack, yes; by every thing else, I could have sworn it was a mistake.

Miss Trevanion's pupils, however, have returned from their tour, and she has to return to Bristol in a week.

So I suppose the summer is over. But this is quite irrelevant. I was saying how quickly time flies. Indeed I have found how dangerous it is to decide too hastily on the merits or demerits of either places or people. My first impression of Penlisk was decidedly not favorable. I thought the town ugly, the neighborhood uninteresting. Had I been asked, "of what sort of people the society was composed," my opinion would have been equally uncomplimentary, equally unjust. Men idle and conceited, I should have affirmed; the young ones insufferably presumptuous, the elders dogmatic and illiberal. Young ladies frivolous and given to flirting; elderly and married ones uncharitable, and addicted to gossip.

But now I have been about, and have become tolerably familiar with all that whereof before I only knew the surface. I like the quaint old town; I have pleasure in its primitive pebbled streets; its steep ascents and declines; its Grand Square, its inconvenient market, and its irregular rows of houses. And for the green lanes that intersect the country round, in whatever direction the Rambler goes, have I not learned to know them, and to love

them well? Are not the high banks—rich with various ferns, and starred with wild-flowers—dear to me as a familiar tune? And then, farther away, on those glorious moors,—purple in the sunshine and brown in the shadow,—what exultation of full free life have I not drank in with the waves of that fresh pure wind that, like a sea, is for ever sweeping and swelling over them! Two days we spent on those moors, scouring across them on horse-back, or resting under the shadow of some of those strange other-world-looking tors, that are scattered, as by the convulsions of some Titanic struggle, over and about the hills. From the summit of one of them we saw a goodly portion of the fair land of Cornwall spread around us, as at our feet, with the silver line of sea girding it in at either side; and between, the rich variety of hill and vale, wood and water, mine, moor, and pasture, that I think only this western country affords so lavishly, and with such beauty of diversity. Then, how delicious were the rides back in the cool calm evening, with the after-glow of the sunset glorifying every thing, from the very mine-stacks on the distant hill to the rose-sprays in the hedges and the braids of Katherine Trevanion's brown hair! How pleasant, too, was her own intense delight in the beauty of it all! How childlike was its absorption—how woman-like its keen appreciation, its vivid feeling! At last, somehow, I used to turn to her face as to a picture more beautiful than the landscape itself, because it interpreted so perfectly the emotion that is more subtly exquisite, more divinely infinite, than any visible grandeur or beauty. The love of a pure heart for beauty is more beautiful even than that which it loves,—at least I felt so, looking at her.

I suppose any one who happened to see this sort of scribbled journal of mine, would think that—

Well, let them think so; it matters very little to me;—nothing matters much to me, indeed, now. I am right glad and thankful that I have known so true and noble a woman, even though the love that has grown out of the knowledge be ever unknown, and the place in my heart and my life a blank. She does not care for me; I see that very well. And what am I that she should? But some day, perhaps—though I am a fool to speculate on such a chimerical possibility.

In two days I leave Penlisk. I have no ex-

cuse for staying longer. Egerton is peremptory. I am strong as an elephant now; and with all my wish to remain, and for all the genuine and most elastic Cornish hospitality of the Cardews, I begin to perceive that nine weeks is rather a long term for a first visit. And Sophia-Jane and Charlottan returned home last week, and their several betrotheds are coming to spend a few days before long. The house will be full enough without me. I must go; and I fixed the day yesterday. *She* goes back to Bristol next week,—to the governess-life, which she speaks of so cheerfully and contentedly, yet which must be—how unworthy, how inadequate for her! If she loved me—if she but loved me—would I not find a dearer, more transcendent joy than any other life could hold for me, in keeping her safe as in a sanctuary of tenderness and care, where never a rough stone should come near her feet, nor a chill wind smite her dear face? But she does not love me,—and I am as in another world, where nothing that I can do has power to help or guard her.

These thoughts do no good, I will turn the page, and begin afresh, in London, with the new life that is coming. A week in Hertfordshire, and then to work. Ay, to more work than I contemplated when I made my vow. For to *do* is easy; but to suffer suspense, uncertainty, ignorance,—all the tribe of biting wearing pains that attend on such an utter separation as this that is coming,—that will be hard enough.

But courage! Shall I flinch at the first hardship, when I was but lately deprecating the too smooth current of my destiny?

And farewell, Penlisk,—good, dear, old place,—ever a sweet and pleasant name to me. I can feel nothing but love for thee and for thy people, now on the eve of leaving them. Thy little streets, thy queer houses, thy people lounging or sauntering about the streets, or keenly investigating the outside world from the windows of the houses,—I regard them all regretfully, almost fondly. And farewell, Cornwall,—grand and beautiful West Country, where the sea wears its fullest purple, its purest crest of snow; where the moors are wild and desolate as in a deserted world, but where the rich woods wave with glorious abundant life as in a world but newly created; where the little villages lie nestled in the rifts of the uplands, and the

rivers wind between hills crowded with oak-foliage, and the little dells and bosky nooks are at once exultant in the wealth of ferns and flowers, tropical in their luxury of growth, and exquisite with a minute perfectness of vegetation, that seems like a forgotten trace of fairydom. I must turn my face from all its wealth of wild beauty; I must turn my thoughts to grimer realities than have engrossed them since I have been here.

But I yearn over all that I have seen and loved and been gladdened by during these weeks, and I bless them in my heart. And I will say no more but farewell—farewell.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

*Cornwall, June 185.—*Three days ago, routing out my desk, I came upon this old scribbled book. What a pleasant ghost it is! Though time is more precious to me now than when I spent hours in scrawling its pages over, I could not help lingering over it, turning to half-remembered passages, thinking about never-forgotten thoughts and feelings, till I was interrupted by a light hand on my shoulder and a voice in my ear.

"You slow husband! won't you ever come?"

And indeed, Mrs. Stayre was ready dressed for the walk we had planned to take that delicious summer-evening, and I, as usual, was behindhand.

"Look here," said I deprecatingly, and pointing to a sentence or two in the book; which no sooner had her quick eyes caught and comprehended, than she won the paper volume from my hold, and ran with it to her own especial chair by the window, where she generally sits while I write, of mornings. Therein she now established herself, and bent down, poring over the manuscript, her mouth smiling—smiling with a very intensity of feeling. What the feeling was, any other observer would have found it difficult to tell; for, while the mouth was thus smiling, the eyes were glistening, the lids trembling and swelling, till at last the tears fell fast, dropping on the paper, till I forbade and intercepted them from that destination.

Amid the said tears, however, she persisted in reading on, and rebelled against any attempt to abstract the book; declaring, in her usual autocratic manner, that it was the very thing in the whole world that she could have best liked, most wished to read, and that it was better than walking in the fairest of Cor-

nish lanes by the sunlight of the most radiant of June evenings. Whereupon I left her to her studies, and quietly resumed my own interrupted work of sorting letters, &c. in the old desk. Occasionally I was attracted by the rustle of her silk dress, as she moved in the quick fashion, alert and bird-like, that is familiar to her when her feelings are aroused to a yet keener vitality than ordinary. Sometimes, too, she would give me a glance from under the little hand that shaded her face—a rapid glance, with a smile, a flash of mischief, a tear, a pretended frown, all condensed into one instant's point. Once or twice she even deigned a few words, not of the most flattering nature.

"O, you were a real 'young man' in those days; you thought well of yourself; you were a most happy, complacent person! Kitty did you a great deal of good. But how astonished you must have been when you first discovered that a young lady existed to whom you were not irresistible!—now, weren't you?"

This last with a serious air of inquiry. Not attending to my indignant rejoinder, however, she was lost in the diary again, till a fresh provocation forced her to utterance.

"Shameful injustice! Poor Miss Bode!—excellent woman! O, Lionel, how could you so malign her? Not only her, either; you have made a case, like the clever theorist you are, out of nothing. Disgraceful exaggerations about every body and every thing! Dear old Penlisk! Discreditable chronicler!"

And so on. I am not going to repeat all she said of reproach and blame. Perhaps she is partly right, and I am partly wrong. Not altogether, I think; though Penlisk (near which we are staying at this very time) is now so much altered from its previous self of ten years back, that I feel a difficulty in recognising where my strictures on it were righteous, or where they were simply the growth of my own feeling of pain and discomfort. Any how, it is a long time since I have thought of it otherwise than with tenderness most entire.

But to return to last evening. Twilight came on, and still the student persevered over the scrawled pages; leaning her head against the window-pane to catch the utmost light, manœuvring her little figure in all sorts of ways to achieve the same end. At last I

sank back in my great chair, and ceased to watch her by closing my eyes. Meditation, thus wooed, came. She took me back to the Penlisk of ten years ago; to the house in the Grand Square, and the family therein. She showed me Mr. and Mrs. Cardew, with the snow less thick on their hair, and old age ten years farther off than at this day; Sophia-Jane and Charlottan, instead of the comfortable matrons I saw a week since, were straight slender girls; Charlie, the rising engineer, was the awkward, warm-hearted boy, full of mischief and blunders—of all which youthful endowments only the warm-heartedness now remains; Rosalie was a child, who is now the belle of Penlisk, teaching the unhappy young men of that town a more severe code of manners, a more rigorous discipline than could have been supposed possible for that “conceited set” to submit to, ten years ago; Bob was playing at marbles, who is now studying surgery; and the little children that were then, are accomplished damsels now, who play the piano, and expect to be asked to parties next winter.

And Katherine Trevanion,—“Kitty,”—who first aroused the real nature in me, and rubbed away the crust of conventionalism that threatened to ossify me into aimlessness and uselessness for the rest of my life,—what has become of her?

But at this point of my reverie I was aroused by the touch of a soft little hand on mine; and opening my eyes, I saw in the dusky twilight a shadowy form I knew, with its fair smoothly-braided head resting against my knee. Nothing it said for a long while; and when words came, they were subdued by a tremble in the tone that sounded as tears look;—happy tears though.

“Dearest, I feel pained with impotence of gratitude when I think of that time, ten years ago. How unhappy I was! O, that dreadful after-time at Bristol, when I heard nothing, knew nothing, and only believed that you had forgotten me, as I felt I deserved to be forgotten!”

“Little hypocrite! yet how coolly you parted from me, the morning I left Penlisk!”

“Of course I did,” erecting her head with sudden warmth. “Would you have had me fling myself at your feet, burst into tears, and say, ‘O, I like you very much; please don’t go away!’—did you expect any thing of that kind?”

“Things of that kind were rather in the style of the Penlisk young ladies in those days,” I observed demurely; and enjoying the angry little twitch of the fingers I held fast in mine: “you mustn’t blame me if I did look for something of the sort, therefore, and was accordingly disappointed.”

“Yes, yes, that tell-tale journal sufficiently explains the presumptuous and concealed frame of mind in which you left Penlisk,” she said, gradually softening from prickliness to rose-leaved tenderness at the remembrance. “Poor darling! How miserable we made one another!”

“I confess I have never forgiven you for my share of it,” I affirmed,—“the death-blow to my vanity that you inflicted. Well, you will hear more of it some day.”

“And what a wonderful evening that was when you suddenly appeared at Bristol!” she went on, pursuing her own train of thought; “how overwhelming it was to see you enter Mrs. Brooke’s drawing-room, and find you were the stranger from London that had been dining with them that day!”

“Ah, the amount of perseverance and dauntless impudence which it took to procure an introduction to that extremely stupid family—”

“They were not stupid, Lionel,” she interfered, entering on her usual championship of the attacked, “but worthy, excellent, kind people. They were always very fond of me.”

“Still, you know, that fact does not imply the possession of much goodness. I have the misfortune to be in the same case; yet, as you often say, I am the hardest-hearted, most disagreeable husband that you ever had.”

“Nevertheless the Brookes were neither hard-hearted nor disagreeable,” she insisted; “and they were very good to me,—and to you too, ingrate that you are! How hospitable they were, constantly inviting you to the house! I am sure you ought at least to have appreciated that.”

“So I did, perfectly. Lizzie Brooke was of a marriageable age, a very pretty girl too; and you know what an agreeable young man I was,—an eligible *parti* also,—smiled on by every single lady I happened to meet.”

“I am quite sure I never smiled on you.”

“But you see it was only because you felt so much, that you—”

Here my malicious mouth was stopped by a soft application, namely, the palm of a small hand.

"Be quiet, traitor! O, I am well pleased that your vanity *did* receive its death-blow, and at my hands too! What a promising young Goliath it was! How clever of me to vanquish it before you became my property!"

"Don't talk of it, my love; it was a very painful operation. I sigh sometimes when I remember what an important person I was before I unluckily met you. How wonderfully superior to the rest of mankind I thought myself! how beyond and above every body else in manners, mind, morals, every thing! Conceited, infatuated fool!"

"You know very well you thought nothing of the kind," came the impetuous reply (fully expected by me); "you know you were as different to other young men as my favorite Sir Galahad would be, if he were to appear in Regent Street to-morrow; you know you never thought about yourself, that you were always so kind and unselfish and good, that you made every body love you. Do people love conceited young men in that way? Of course they don't; they can't. I should never have cared for you if you had been different to what you are."

I let her go on, and did not try to undeceive her in her fond belief. I think, though, that it is something better than vanity that causes me to like so well to hear her thus discourse. Her playful strictures, her pretended blame, make me smile often; her praise, the expression of her unutterable love and trust, Heaven knows, makes me feel humble enough. And so, I say, she proceeded unchecked:

"No, indeed; it would have spared me a large amount of trouble, if you had really been the sort of person you describe. But you laugh at every body when you are in a mischievous mood, and you will not even spare yourself."

"It is a fault common to men, and increasing with years," I gravely stated. "I daresay I shall write a good satire some of these days."

"I am sure you never will."

"A bad one, then; perhaps so. The last *Quarterly Review* politely informed me that my theories were nonsensical, my style bombastic, and my books insufferably dull altogether. No doubt they are right; reviewers always are, you know."

"As for the *Quarterly Review*—"

But wifely contempt could find no utterance. She was silent for a long time; then, in her dearest sweetest tone, said softly:

"I have been thinking of something better than even your books—of your life; all the years since that journal was written, and the years before, that you have so often told me about; and how strange it was that you should come to Penlisk; and how strangely—no, not strangely, but happily and graciously and mercifully—every thing has indeed 'worked together for good.' And, dearest, I go back to my old cry, 'I can't be grateful enough.'"

And to this there could be no reply, my pure, true, noble Katherine. I too, try not to be ungrateful; but I dare not say my heart swells in worthy harmony with thine.

And thus, for the second time, I close this little paper volume, and again its last lines are written at Penlisk. Again I say, 'farewell, Penlisk. But although our two months' stay is nearly at an end, and we must soon turn our steps homeward; and though good-by must then be said to the West Country, and the quaint little town we both of us love right well,—it is a very different "going away" to that of ten years ago. For I take Kitty with me this time—Kitty, who is the very angel of the dear home we return to—Kitty, who is sitting at this minute by the window before me, working busily, with her brown eyes seriously bent down, and her face expressive of profound peace and contentment; looking on which, I think I may well feel all tenderness for the place wherein I first beheld that dear face, and never either see or think of old Penlisk without coupling its name with a blessing earnest and heartfelt.

From Chambers's Journal:
CAMEL-EXPEDITIONS IN AMERICA.

ENGROSSED with matters of European concern, perhaps few among us are aware of the energetic efforts which the government of the United States has latterly been making to establish means of communication across the great wildernesses which stretch from the borders of the Mississippi to the new American settlements on the Pacific. These efforts remind us of the almost continuous series of expeditions to lay open the course of the Niger and obtain a knowledge of the interior of Africa. Beginning with Lewis and Clark, there have been numberless expeditions in the far west, all more or less successful, one of the more adventurous and interesting of these journeys being that of Colonel Fremont, late candidate for the presidency, whose achievements in opening a way across the Rocky Mountains gained for him the appellation of the Path-finder.

In pursuing these long and hazardous explorations, two chief difficulties were to be encountered—collision with the tribes of Indians, and the unsuitableness of the ground for wheeled carriages. With their skill as strategists and marksmen, the Anglo-Americans could indeed beat off successive hosts of natives; and in point of fact, what with slaughter, natural decay, and diplomatic conciliation, the Indians are not now so formidable as they were even a few years ago. But the prodigious obstacles presented by nature still remain to be conquered—great trackless plains destitute of water, occasionally a broad river with shelving banks, rocky ravines, and lofty mountains. The transport of water in sufficient abundance for man and horse has, in particular, been found not more practicable than in the deserts of Arabia. Horses, bullocks, men, sunk under the privations to which the want of water exposed them; and nothing more dismal can be pictured than the track pursued by several of these expeditions—the route for a thousand miles shewing the bleaching bones of animals, along with the wrecks of carriages and other objects which had to be abandoned by the daily diminishing force that still contrived to keep its face westward. At length it was proposed to try an expedition with the assistance of camels, to be imported for the purpose from some place in Asia. The project, however, encountered the amount of doubt and opposition usually

given to everything new and untried. It had been stated, on the authority of Father Huc, an old traveller in Tartary that the camel cannot swim; and, strangely enough, no one could positively rebut the assertion. Now, if Father Huc was right, there was at once an end of the scheme for employing camels in America, whose deep and broad rivers must be crossed in the passage across the plains. After some little debate, it was resolved to import camels and make the trial; if they would swim—and, barring their obstinate tempers, why should they not?—the practicability of exploring in any direction was settled.

Who does not look with some interest on the discussion of this curious problem, now solved, as we shall proceed to relate?

Nearly a hundred camels and dromedaries were imported into the United States; their place of landing being Indianola, a port in Texas, on the Gulf of Mexico. Here, being turned loose for a time to recruit after the fatigues and discomforts of their long voyage, they got into good health, and were conducted to San Antonio, to be employed in the expedition of Lieutenant Beale and that of Captain Pope for sinking Artesian wells in the deserts intersected by the Rio Pecos. According to the account given in a New York newspaper,* which we chiefly draw on for what follows, Lieutenant Beale left San Antonio on the 25th of June, having selected for his expedition twenty-three camels and three dromedaries. The camels were laden with a large portion of the grain necessary for the teams of mules. Those of them which, in their native country had been trained to this business, were found capable of carrying a thousand pounds-weight. The expedition took the route from San Antonio to El Paso, and thence up the Rio Grande to Albuquerque, at some distance west of which the new explorations were to begin. From San Antonio to Albuquerque, by this route the distance is over a thousand miles, a large part of it through districts very scantily supplied with either grass or water. It was accomplished in forty-five days, the train moving at an average rate of four miles an hour, and the camels bearing the journey perfectly well. From Albuquerque the expedition marched to Zuni, an outlying settlement of New Mexico. Lieutenant Beale left Zuni on the 28th of August, having obtained an

* *New York Tribune*, January 22, 1858.

escort of troops from Fort Defiance, situate some ninety miles to the north in the country of the Navajos. His route lay nearly due west, along the 35th parallel of north latitude, and through a region hitherto almost unknown. As far as the Little Colorado, the road, though with volcanic ranges of mountains constantly in sight, some of them capped with snow, was comparatively level. There were abundant supplies of grass, with timber sufficient for fuel, and plenty of water. After crossing Little Colorado, which was followed for some days, and which has a wide and fertile bottom, with a fringe of cotton-wood along the banks, the expedition encountered the San Francisco mountain, having on its eastern slope great forests of pine, and on its western forests of cedar. From the western foot of this mountain, the country grows more barren, till, near the banks of the Colorado, it becomes a desert, excepting the bottom lands, a few miles in extent. The river here was found to be from two to three hundred yards wide, flowing at the rate of three or four miles an hour, and with nineteen feet of water in the mid-channel. It was unobstructed by rocks and was apparently navigable for large steamers. The inhabitants of an Indian village represented the river as maintaining the same character as at Fort Yuma, near its junction with the Gila.

Now it was to be proved whether the camel could swim; a test to which Lieutenant Beale had looked forward with not a little anxiety. Having reached the Colorado he was determined to settle the question for himself. The first camel brought to the bank refused to enter the river; but another being brought down, to the great delight of the whole company, it took the water freely and swam boldly across. The others, tied one behind the other in strings of five were taken across in the same way. They not only swam with ease, but in this particular as in others, they seemed to outdo the horses and mules. This seemed to be the only remaining test needed to establish the character of the camel as a beast of burden specially suited for those regions. Lieutenant Beale had started with the determination that the experiment should be no partial one, and he made it a point to subject his camels to trials which no other animal could stand. As to the result, he thus expresses himself:

"In all our lateral explorations they have carried water, sometimes for more than a week, for the mules used by the men—the-

selves never receiving even a bucketful to one of them; they have traversed patiently with heavy packs, on these explorations, countries covered with the sharpest volcanic rock, and yet their feet to this hour have evinced no symptom of tenderness or injury; with heavy packs they have crossed mountains, ascended and descended precipitous places, where an unladen mule found it difficult to pass, even with the assistance of the rider dismounted, and carefully picking its way. I think it would be within bounds to say that, in these various lateral explorations, they have traversed nearly double the distance passed over by our mules and wagons.

"Leaving home with all the prejudice attaching to untried experiments, and with many in our camp opposed to their use, and looking forward confidently to their failure, I believe, at this time, I may speak for every man in our party, when I say there is not one of them who would not prefer the most indifferent of our camels to four of the best mules, and a look forward hopefully to the time when they will be in general use in all parts of our country."

The country for eighty miles west of the Colorado, continues a sandy desert, with but little water or grass. At that distance, the expedition struck the Mojave, which there began to have some water in its bed. Crossing the San Bernardino mountain by the Cajon Pass, they reached Los Angeles on the 20th of November. This route is far preferable in every respect to that by the Gila, hitherto followed. It is especially adapted for the sheep trade—sheep being the chief staple of New Mexico—and is likely to lead to increased trade and intercourse between New Mexico and California.

What particularly adapts the camel for use in those regions is not merely its capacity to endure fatigue and long want of water, but the very coarse and scanty food with which it is content. Those animals eat as they go along anything of a vegetable nature they find in their path, bending their long necks and throwing their heads into every narrow crevice of the rocks where grows a cactus or a clump of grass, or cropping the leaves from the branches of trees without in the least slackening their progress. In this respect, as in many others, they have a great advantage over mules or horses, which require their food as regularly as man himself.—According to still later accounts, the camels were realizing the best expectations which had been formed respecting them; and we can fancy that their now thoroughly proved adaptability to exploratory purposes would suggest their being employed in expeditions to the interior of the Australian continent.

From an article on China, by Col. Alexander, published in the United Service Magazine.

CHINESE INFANTICIDE.

I FOUND one day a placard pasted up against one of the river side gambling houses, which turned out to be a kind of tract against the practice of destroying female children; and this situation was probably selected for it as one where it would be more likely to come under the notice of those most addicted to the crime. This crime is perhaps more frequent in this than in any other part of China, from the great and acknowledged poverty of so large a portion of the population, but there is good reason for believing that its extent has been exaggerated by many writers, who have spoken of it as if it pervaded all classes alike, and was not generally confined to the indigent and vile. A few extracts from this placard, which I took the trouble to copy and translate, may not be uninteresting to many of my readers, as they will not only serve to show the light in which this crime is regarded by the more respectable Chinese themselves, but will also give an insight into the peculiar line of argument adopted by Chinese moralists, when wishing to reform the evil propensities of their fellow men. The tract is entitled an "Admonition against the Practice of Drowning Female Children," and commences with a quotation from the Yeh-King, one of their most ancient ethical writings.

"TRACT AGAINST FEMALE INFANTICIDE."

"It is said in the Yeh-King that the male and female principles in nature are respectively perfected by celestial and terrestrial influences; that it is from the union of these two distinct natures in mankind which gives rise to the relations between husband and wife, from whom again proceed the relations between parent and child.

"There are people to be found at the present day who ruthlessly destroy their female children, and put them to a miserable death without the slightest feeling of compunction.

* M. Huc gives in the second volume of his most interesting work the translation of a portion of an edict issued by the criminal judge of the province of Canton in 1848, which is in many respects so very similar to the placard which I have translated, that I at first imagined I was in error, and had mistaken a public for a private document. Fortunately I had the original copy in my possession, which is, allowing for some slight difference of style, nearly word for word as it has been translated in the text. I can only account for the coincidence, by supposing the official document had been based on the private one, or that the train of reasoning adopted in both would be such as would naturally suggest itself to the mind of a Chinese scholar in connection with such a subject.

If we enquire into the reason of this cruel conduct, we are told that 'they have already a larger family than they can support,' or that 'having none but female children, they do so in a momentary feeling of irritation and disappointment at not having obtained a son.' These wretched people, in their ignorance of the pure happiness which a large family gives rise to, know not how impossible it is for a man to have too numerous a progeny, and forget those bright instances and pleasing tales, related of many of our ancestors who were so blest.

"How can parents be so unnatural as to be enraged at the birth of a child, even if it be a girl; for are not boys and girls alike of flesh and blood mysteriously formed and perfected? Our destinies are over-ruled by Fate, and what man by taking thought can regulate the birth of his own offspring.

"That man sins deeply in the sight of Heaven, who irritated at not having a son, gives way to his passions, and with murderous lust destroys his new-born babe, though by the very act he destroys or retards the fulfilment of his desires, for how very few cases do we meet with, where the birth of a son has quickly followed the committal of so impious an act. As for the parents of large families, who are too poor to give portions with their daughters, let them reflect that Heaven has traced out a path for all, and whether we be poor and miserable or rich and prosperous our lot has been equally fixed and predestined from our birth.

"In olden times no one was considered rich who was without daughters, but now they are looked upon as the cause of poverty and distress. It is true there may be some difficulty in providing for them, yet on looking around us, although we may find many men who, from want of means, find it difficult, if not impossible, to marry, how seldom is it that a woman, however poor she may be, passes through life without being able to get a husband.

"If the head of a rich and noble family perpetrate such an act it proves that he is devoid of all principle and most thoroughly vicious.

"When we turn back to the ancients we find so many brilliant examples of female heroism and filial love that it would be difficult to enumerate them; but we will cite one instance, that of Mùhlan who was enrolled as a soldier and served in the army as her father's substitute—was he, think you, irritated at having a daughter, and would he willingly have destroyed her?

"O body of mine, to whom dost thou owe thy being! and if it were not for thy mother where wouldst thou be, my son—my new-born babe!

"When this destruction of female life is regarded in connection with its bearings on marriage, the consequences which arise from it take even a wider scope. The female child who is this day brought into the world becomes in time the mother of children, and she, the very mother who has this day given birth to a girl, was herself but a few years since an undestroyed babe. Our posterity must be the issue of females in like manner preserved, and they can only enter into marriage with girls who are in existence because their parents did not consign them to destruction.

"If men would only enter a little more deeply into this matter, and ponder well upon all the various evils that arise from it, they would regard an act by which the progeny of so many is destroyed with detestation and abhorrence. Alas! alas! for the torrents of human blood which have been thus shed!

"I should further like to inquire, whether the spiritual existence which is attached to female life, and which is the bond of union between us and those to whom we owe our being, is bestowed by Heaven or man? You answer, by Heaven. If this be so, why then should man wish to destroy that which Heaven desires to create? Remember, that even as the murderer is in this world punished with death, so shall he who rebels against Heaven be punished with destruction; for all evil must, sooner or later, meet with its reward, and the retributive justice of the gods fall on the wicked doers and their children.

"It has been said, that a family which has had no female progeny for three generations

must become extinct; if then this practice of destroying female children, were to become general, in a very short time man would disappear from the face of the earth; can it be that Heaven will not cut off in their prime those who would thus wish to destroy the human race?

"Moreover, Foundling Hospitals have been established, for the reception and nurture of newly-born infants; but the murderous parent is indifferent to the fact, and continues his miserable career, heedless of to what it may tend.

"How different is it with the lower orders of creation.

"The Hen sits carefully upon her eggs, and dies with grief if her chickens are destroyed on issuing from the shell. The beasts of the field do no injury to their own cubs, and the very insects have some regard for their young; it is left for man alone to act as the destroyer of his own offspring.

"The Phoenix flies away from the city in which her stony nest has been invaded and her callow brood destroyed; and the Unicorn deserts the district in which any of his species have been injured.

"How inferior then to the birds and beasts is the man who inflicts injury upon his own kind!

"Ye then who have been in darkness and blind ignorance, and who would not have a heart devoid of nature's choicest gifts, listen and dwell upon my words,—you will not then violate by your deeds the divine principles of the Gods."

TRIUMPH OVER EVIL.—We are rewarded for every triumph we make over temptation. I will suppose there are many who have struggled against the vanity of vain pleasures; many who have put down evil thoughts with a strong will; many who, after a long, and it may be, an uncertain conflict with the seduction of the world, at length have triumphed. I will put it to them whether, when they have combated and so prevailed against the evil, whether their hearts have not softened and melted within them, whether they have not felt within their bosoms a seraphic influence? They have so felt; and so it will ever be. No sooner shall they have driven from them the tempting demon of pride, of vanity, of

anger,—no sooner shall the devil have left them, than angels will come and minister unto them.
—*Jerrold.*

YANKEE PROGRESS.—An Englishman and a Yankee were disputing, when the former sneeringly remarked: "Fortunately, the Americans could go no further than the Pacific shore." The Yankee scratched his prolific brain for an instant, and thus replied: "Why, good gracious! they are already leveling the Rocky Mountains, and carting the dirt out West. I had a letter last week from my cousin, who is living two hundred miles west of the Pacific shore, *on made land.*"

PATIENCE.

EVER the same calm lesson given—

You tell me I must patient be.

How long does patience last, and how

Can it be learn'd by me?

Dear mother, must I watch and hope

Through all the tuneful days of spring,

To see my tiny birdies hatch'd,

And taught to chirp and sing;

While each green tree is full of life,

And finch and lark the soft air fill

With music; o'er my silent nest

Must I be patient still?

The seeds I shed so long ago

Still in the earth's green bosom rest,

While everywhere, o'er dale and hill,

Blossoms gather on her breast.

The churchyard has its daisies white,

The lea its cups of carven gold,

And laden bees fly late at eve

From blossoms manifold.

But, in my garden's tiny space

No spring like blossoms can I see.

Dear mother, 'tis a weary task,

Why must I patient be?

Ah, dearest child, a time must come

To thee and all, or soon or late,

When all these childish griefs and joys

Will seem of feather's weight.

Yet childish griefs may pierce as deep,

Though momentarily, as manhood's woes,

Still are its tear-drops dried as soon

As dew upon the rose.

Dear one, thy lingering seeds will grow,

Though leafless now, to bud and bloom,

If not to blush in Summer's wreath,

At least to crown her tomb.

Thy tardy birds from brighter skies,

Their sweetest notes shall then have caught;

When all life's patient-vigil long

The truth to thee has taught.

Then shalt thou know the purpose high

For which thy tribulation came;

When patience, through experience, grows

To hope without a shame.

The heart that patiently abides

O'er flower and bird withheld so long,

Shall one day see its hope fulfill'd,

In endless bloom and song.

—Household Words.

"O LORD, HOW HAPPY IS THE TIME."

FROM THE GERMAN OF DRESLER.

O LORD! how happy is the time,

When in thy love I rest.

When from my weariness I climb,

E'en to thy tender breast.

The night of sorrow endeth there,

Thy rays outshine the sun,

And in thy pardon, and thy care,

The heaven of heavens is won.

Let the world call itself my foe,

Or let the world allure,

I care not for the world,—I go

To this tried friend and sure.

And when life's fiercest storms are sent,

Upon life's wildest sea,
My little bark is confident,
Because it holds by Thee.

When the law threatens endless death,

Upon the dreadful hill,

Straightway from its consuming breath

My soul mounts higher still;

She hastes to Jesus, wounded, slain,

And finds in him her home,

Whence she shall not go forth again,

And where no death can come.

I do not fear the wilderness,

Where thou hast been before;

Nay! rather would I daily press

After Thee! near Thee, more!

Thou art my strength, on Thee I lean,

My heart thou makest strong,

And to thy pastures green at length

Thy chosen flock wilt bring.

And if the gate that opens there

Be closed to other men,

It is not closed to those who share

The heart of Jesus then.

That is not losing much of life,

Which is not losing Thee,

Who art as present in the strife,

As in the victory!

Therefore, how happy is the time,

When in thy love I rest,

When from my weariness I climb,

E'en to thy tender breast.

The night of sorrow endeth there,

Thy rays outshine the sun,

And in thy pardon and thy care,

The heavens of heavens is won!

THE SISTERS.

A PICTURE BY BARRY IN THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE shade for me, but over thee

The lingering sunshine still,

As, smiling, to the silent stream

Comes down the singing rill,

So come to me, my little one,

My years with thee I share,

And mingle with a sister's love

A mother's tender care.

But Keep the smile upon thy lip,

The trust upon thy brow,

Since for the dear one God hath called,

We have an angel now.

Our mother from the fields of heaven

Shall still her ear incline;

Nor need we fear her human love

Is less for love divine.

The songs are sweet they sing beneath

The trees of life so fair,

But sweetest of the sounds of heaven

Shall be her children's prayer.

Then, darling, rest upon my breast,

And teach my heart to lean

With thy sweet trust upon the arm

Which folds us both unseen!

—From the National Era.

From *The National Magazine*.
HOW MY EYES WERE OPENED.
 Some Passages in the life of Alfred Morris.
 COMMUNICATED BY WESTLAND MARSTON.

CHAPTER I.

PERHAPS I was naturally an optimist; perhaps it was my unlooked-for good fortune that for a time threw a glitter over my life. Be that as it may, nothing came amiss to me when nearly twenty years ago, I, Alfred Morris, first set foot in London. The world—bracing east winds and all—was for me a garden of delights, and its inhabitants were worthy of their Paradise. If I met plethoric old gentlemen, with gruff voices and forbidding looks, that seemed to claim a monopoly of the pavement in right of corns, I was not to be deceived by the surly outside. It was but the mask of "John Bullism," beneath which my too sensitive countrymen hid their generous and cordial impulses. The whole class was typified to me by the stage-uncle (*temp.* George IV.) who, after disinheriting his nephew, with emphatic maledictions through four acts, fairly breaks down in the fifth, when uniting him to the penniless lady of his affections. Nor was my charity denied to the less attractive examples of the gentler sex. Not a furrow on the brow of that venerable dowager but maternal solicitude had ploughed it. The gaunt visage of that thin spinster, was it not an evidence of the love she had never told, and which had fed so immoderately upon the damask cheek of her beauty as to leave nothing but the stalk? In those happy days I called all slim ladies "aerial;" and all who inclined to an excess of *embonpoint* were merely "buxom." In brief, it would then have been hard to find the person, place, or event, that I could not have regarded with complacency, or at least with toleration.

The son of a hard-working ill-paid country curate, in a district remote from the capital, I had lived one-and-twenty years without having passed the bounds of my native shire. A University education was out of the question for me; but my father, who was a ripe scholar, had done his best to make up for the want. To eke out his scanty means, he had set up a day-school, at which I became his somewhat juvenile usher. My mother instructed a few young ladies, chiefly daughters of the more ambitious traders and farmers in the neighborhood. These damsels, however, were but

day-boarders, and returned to their respective abodes in the evening.

Our own circle consisted of my parents, myself (an only child), and Ursula Nainby, daughter of our friend the surgeon and apothecary, whose affairs I fear were scarcely more prosperous than those of the well-known practitioner in Mantua.

Ursula, who had been educated by my mother, was destined for a daily governess; and to qualify herself for that office, undertook, in consideration of her board, the duties of my mother's assistant. Here I can fancy the indignant reader (perhaps some Alexandrina of fiction who, having conquered all its mysteries at nineteen, sighs for new worlds of invention to subdue),—I can fancy, I say, this indignant reader throwing my autobiography upon the table. "What a dull transparent story!" she exclaims. "This interesting usher and governess no doubt formed a precocious attachment at the age when she finished her prize sampler, and when the paternal cane rebuked his preference for peg tops to his 'Delectus.' This is one of your tales of still-life, in which one discerns the destination—matrimony—at starting, and in order to reach it has to travel over a dead flat of insipid narrative."

Be appeased, fair anger. I waive all defence; I will not even urge that the most prosaic destiny which has interest enough to be lived through, should, if properly detailed, have interest enough to be read. For the present, and without prejudice to ulterior results, let it be enough to say, that up to the time of quitting my father's roof I should as soon have dreamed of falling in love with the Dryad who inhabited the mulberry-tree in the garden as with Ursula Nainby.

For had I not known her from the days when we built card-houses together, or cut out horses from pasteboard, when her little fingers stitched on their backs cavaliers and ladies, detached from the magazines of fashion then current? Had we not trundled hoops together till that more mature period when we laughed over the same page of the much-bethumbed *Don Quixote*, or translated the same French fable? Did not that stage glide imperceptibly into the graver one, when school-duties separated us for the day, and we could only chat in the evening over a favorite book, during a turn in the garden, or when she worked by candle-light at some

necessary task of needlework? I was ill for a month or two, and it was her hand that nightly stirred and sweetened my gruel. I knew her to be in all things cheerful, intelligent, and good; but as for love, the habit of constant companionship was fatal to such a sentiment in my case. "William," says Tennyson,

"because

He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora."

It was the same cause, I suppose, that made me insensible to the attractions which our little Ursula undoubtedly possessed. What sculptor would represent the feminine ideal (*before marriage*) in the act of darning one's hose, or standing, posset in hand, by one's bedside?

But it is time that the reader should learn what circumstances developed in me that buoyancy and trustfulness of disposition which I have described at the opening of this narrative. My eccentric great-uncle, who had become a prosperous merchant in New York, died suddenly. He had quarrelled with my father many years before, and had not once aided him in the hard battle of life. Let me not, then, be thought callous or ungrateful when I own that the caprice which induced the old gentleman to leave me his sole heir (probably because I received his surname in baptism) made me regard his demise with emotions amongst which regret was not unusually poignant or enduring.

My natural enthusiasm had been fed rather than checked by the monotony and toil of my lot. Denied access to the world, I made up in day-dreams for my lack of experience; and while trudging with my father's school-boys through turnip-fields or lanes, enlivened by all the rural sounds of near farmsteads, I was in thought pacing the brilliant streets of the capital, and peopling them with stately or graceful forms; the actors in a drama which, with no connected plot, offered a succession of pictures alike dazzling and bewildering. What, then, were my sensations when yet on the threshold of life I suddenly found myself rich, the arena open to me in which I deemed the chivalry of manhood still strove for the grand prizes of life, bestowed by the noblest and fairest of women? I might enter there, not as a spectator, not as a mere auxiliary, but as an actor. Of what I was to achieve I had no distinct idea; but my prize was to be

an alliance with a maiden of peerless, almost impossible perfections,—a lady whom I can only describe as a compound of the Princess Badroulboudour in the *Arabian Nights*, Shakspeare's Rosalind, and the Bride of Abydos.

I determined, of course, to make the amplest provision for my parents. We would live in London during the season, and take Ursula with us. We would positively cross the Channel, and see whether Ursula's French would be intelligible in Paris. We had taught geography long enough to know that there was a river called the Rhine, and that it flowed through a picturesque region of vine-clad hills, crowned with altars to the past. We had read too of the "monarch of mountains,"—the Suzerain whose throne rises between the realms of Grandeur and Beauty, and who claims the fealty of both. But for us these had hitherto been realities of the map, not of life. A gipsy excursion in Charles's Wain through the fields of space, or a fashionable airing in the Milky Way, would have seemed as practicable to us as to sail on the Lake of Geneva, or to thunder down the pass of the Simplon.

My parents were easily persuaded to adopt my plans for travel: not so Ursula. She reminded me—and I am ashamed to own that I needed reminding—of her father's claims upon her. It was impossible to dispute them, and yet I felt as if we had the family property in Ursula, and as if Mr. Nainby were a pretender.

"It seems quite unnatural, sister Ursula," I said, "that we should enjoy ourselves away from you; that we should plunge into a new world of beauty and delight, and that you should go back into the little parlor behind the surgery, with nothing to look at but the range of jars through the glass-door, or the row of hollyhocks and the pigeon-house in the garden. Your father might very well go with us."

This was almost the bare truth, so little had the poor man to do; but it was not thoughtful in me to recall it to Ursula. Her look, more serious that evening than usual, grew a shade more pensive still.

"He must keep at his post," she said, "on the chance of being wanted. As for me, wherever I went, I should only see him anxious, and anxious in solitude."

"Ursula" I said, winding round my finger

a stalk of ivy that peered in through the open window, "your father will be successful some day. We know how clever he is, and that his studious habits give him that absent manner which shallow people hereabouts don't understand. He must get a London practice, Ursula."

Her deep blue eyes looked at me reproachfully.

"Alfred," she said, "that's the one subject on which I can't bear a jest."

"I meant none, I assure you. What I propose is quite possible."

"How?"

It was strange, so familiar as we had been all our lives, that her quiet "How?" quite took me aback. I felt myself reddening to the roots of my hair, while the poor ivy-stalk suffered grievously under my fingers.

"Ursula, we're all one family; you won't deny that."

"Deny it!"

"Well, then, if one of the family prospers, the whole prospers. Don't leave me to conjugate the verb in the first person singular. Let me go on—'thou prosperest,' 'he prospers.'"

She understood me perhaps more by my hurried manner than by my words. "Dear Alfred," she said, giving me both her hands, "should my father ever be forced to seek other help than mine, I would choose yours."

This was a disappointing answer; but there was something strange and half pleasant to me in its effect. I had looked upon Ursula so thoroughly as part of ourselves,—had lost her speciality so much in a sort of general household result,—that to find her asserting her individuality, gravely taking her father's case into her thought and at once deciding for him, was quite a new sensation. I made no reply when, with a gentle "thank you," she withdrew her hand and left the room. It was a soft spring evening, and, school-duties done, she was going her weekly round amongst the poor; for, though our dear Ursula had no money, she had fingers that worked over-hours in the making of little garments, and she had cheerful soothing words; or, in case of illness, she would take some remedy prepared by her father, and begin the cure by her sympathy. As I sat at the open window, she passed by the gate and smiled. I seemed for the first time to see her in her separate distinctness, noted her

smooth glossy bands of hair, the little frill out of which rose the white slender neck, the tweed shawl so neatly wound round her lithe figure, and her easy gliding motion. I had lived all my life too near the picture to realise it. That night I seemed to step back from it, and it grew clear and individual. Was there in this feeling the germ of love? I think not. Ursula—simple, quiet, and almost reserved—would never have satisfied my romantic longings. My mind, moreover, was too much disturbed by the incidents of my changed position to reflect any of the calm almost tame, images of my past life. The news of my great riches had got abroad, flown from journal to journal, from county to county; even the *Times* had deigned me a paragraph. Then we had received letters of congratulation from old college friends of my father; also from my mother's sisters, who had found wit enough to make a long pedigree atone for an empty purse, and married into good county families. I was enchanted with the kind interest of my unknown connections; for you must suppose that they showed it with proper delicacy, and did not break the neglect of years at the first tidings of my good fortune. By no means. It happened about a month after that aunt Whimple had a friend who wished to spend the next summer at the lakes. As we lived within fifty miles of them, what more natural than that aunt W. should write to my father? Perhaps, she said, he could give some particulars as to the climate, its suitability for invalids, and the chance of obtaining a small cottage *ornée*. Perhaps, as the invalid would be lonely, my father and mother might be prevailed upon to pay her a visit. In that event my aunt herself might be tempted to a lake tour. It would be so pleasant to see her sister and her sister's husband, not forgetting Alfred. She hoped, by the way, the rumors as to the dear boy's good fortune were correct. Her love to him. My father, she was sure, would not delay to relieve her anxiety as to her friend, and would say whether he could place confidence in the medical men of the locality selected.

Aunt Wallis also filled a letter-sheet with details of a proposed journey with her daughters to Scotland, and, for the sake of seeing us all, proposed to break her journey at the little town where we resided. Aunt Hewerdine did not write herself, but the major her

husband did. He had heard that Lord Beamish, one of my father's parishioners, had a rare breed of greyhounds; could his good brother-in-law make interest to secure him a brace of pups? Neither of these epistles omitted to mention dear Alfred, and to rejoice with him upon his great-uncle's bequest; but these mere worldly matters were touched upon so parenthetically, and formed such a brief episode in the main topics of correspondence, that they had clearly exercised no influence upon the writers, and we could only hail the happy coincidence that connected so many signs of affectionate remembrance with the improved turn in our affairs.

These letters were duly replied to; the replies produced new ones. All my father's correspondents found something to admire in his sentiments, or to appreciate in his kindness. What regrets there were that our families had been so long separated; then what urgency that this misfortune should be quickly repaired; finally, what petitions that dear Alfred, at all events, should visit his relatives in the south before he went on the Continent, or took that subsequent journey to America which his new interests there made imperative!

If my good parents doubted the sincerity of these demonstrations, they were too tender of my faith in everybody to cloud it by misgivings. Or it may be that, like many amiable people who have long suffered from hardship and estrangement, they did not care to examine too narrowly the welcome tokens of regard.

And here let a hint be dropped in fairness as to the favor which the world shows to the prosperous. Some amongst us (especially the less successful) are quick to assume that such favor is necessarily hypocritical. Doubtless there may be a large alloy of selfishness in it; but in this case selfishness is not always insincerity. When that keen politician my Lord Fitzfalcon slides his arm into that of Mr. Queen's Sergeant Lynx, the attorney-general expectant, my lord is no hypocrite, though he gave the same Lynx the cold shoulder ten years since, when the latter was a rising junior. When the honorable Mrs. Bas-bleu is transported to see that delightful wit Cayenne, whose "Pictures of Town-life" are in every body's hands,—when she upbraids the cruel man with being late, and condemns him to expiate his fault by a

five-minutes' *tête-à-tête* on the *chaise longue*, to which with snowy shoulders she pioneers him,—she is no hypocrite. True, Cayenne was no less a wit when his first sketches appeared in *Diogenes*, or *Toby*, or some of those forgotten offshoots of *Punch*, who, Saturn-like, has swallowed up his progeny. Even in those days Cayenne had the honor of being presented to the fascinating Bas-bleu, in whose glance there was as much of the stare as decorum permitted, and no more of recognition than decorum exacted. But shall we on this account brand the fair matron with duplicity? Her present *empressement* is no more feigned than was her past indifference. For observe, it is not only that she appreciates the man's changed position; through the position she has acquired a kindly feeling for the man. She would sacrifice a moderate amount of comfort, or make any reasonable exertion to serve him. And the pleasure of doing this would of itself repay her. Nay, should the Cruel Shears untimely snap asunder the bright web of Cayenne's existence, he would not at once be forgotten. She would miss him when other wits awoke the subdued well-bred laugh, or even in "my lady's chamber," as she sat with brows ready chapleted, the spectre of "poor Yorick" would flit at times across the mirror. I believe, indeed, that during his life nothing less than a course of systematic ill-luck (and even that only by slow degrees) would sap her regard for him.

In brief, the attachments to which success gives birth, though not very deep, are often sincere. It is not only that success in itself attracts homage, but that it disposes its possessor to be amiable; while misfortune, besides being unpicturesque, tends to acerbity and repulsiveness. There are certain fruits of human life that will only ripen on the sunny side of the wall; and men, like peaches, are apt to be flavorless when they have a northern aspect. Eccentrics like you and I, good reader, may be indignant at this doctrine, and think it worldly enough. So it is; but give the world its due. If it is often interested in its professed friendships, grant that it sometimes arrives at a sort of friendship by the road of interest.

It was finally arranged that, before leaving England, I should spend two or three weeks with my aunt Whimple in Kent, and that, as my time only admitted of one visit, the other branches of my mother's family, in compliance

with their affectionate demands, should be invited to meet me. As London lay in my way, I resolved to pass a week there. Aunt Whimple's brother-in-law, Thomas Whimple, of the Chancery Bar, had offered me a bachelor's hospitality and the advantage of his introduction to the metropolitan "lions." My father and mother were to join me on the eve of our continental trip, and Ursula was to resume her position in the little parlor of the apothecary. I pictured to myself with grief the loneliness of her seclusion, or with annoyance the rough country bucks who would occasionally turn into her father's shop for cattle-medicine. I saw them in fancy, while the absorbed *Æsculapean* made up his compounds, criticising the delicate head shadowed on the glass-door, and telegraphing to each other with whip-handles on their lips.

CHAPTER II.

THE morning for my departure came; a soft April day, when our limes were breaking out into their tender green, and one side of the garden was white with pear-blossoms. The sunbeams—at times escaping from the light gray clouds—frolicked gaily over the meadows, or lit up the musing aspect of the old church-tower with a sudden smile. The hope, the freshness of my own youth were reflected to me by the season.

Our school was broken up. My parents, Ursula, and I paced together the garden-walk till the coach that ran to the railway station should arrive. As I was so soon to meet the former again, these parting-moments would scarcely have been sad but for Ursula. Not, indeed, that there was any thing depressing in the quiet, almost cheerful, way in which she had superintended the packing of my trunk and carpet-bag; managing to find room for one or two of my favorite books, also for an odd volume of Wordsworth, which my father had somewhere picked up and given to her. Ursula and I had been used to read the book together, and she now begged my acceptance of it. I fancied for a moment that her eyes grew moist; but she turned away to pluck a sprig of sweet-brier, and when her taper fingers fixed it in my button-hole there was the usual calm smile upon her face.

The sound of the guard's horn was heard. There were hurried embraces and blessings. My father and mother stood at the gate, but Ursula retreated to the door. I missed her when we drove off; but soon afterwards, on

looking back, I caught a glimpse of a watching face, and of a handkerchief waved with a quick sharp motion in signal of adieu.

"Dear Ursula," I thought "no brother could love thee better." But that placid fraternal love did not admit even the surmise of a more passionate feeling.

Tom Whimple duly met me at the North-Western Station in London; and my acquaintance with town-life began under his auspices. He was a little apple-faced man, remarkable chiefly for a certain free-and-easy manner, which just stopped short of bad taste, and for the twinkle—half merry, half sarcastic—of his small bead-like eyes.

Having a moderate fortune, as well as a moderate practice, Tom took his life pleasantly, and gave himself a week's holiday in the character of my cicerone.

My disposition, credulous and ardent (or, as he phrased it, "of the most refreshing green"), must have yielded him ample amusement. We went together to the theatre: he would fain have had me see *Vestris* in one of the sparkling burlettas then current at the Olympic; but I begged hard for a tragedy. I was in that happy frame to which emotion is a luxury.

Mr. Whimple assented. "*Romeo and Juliet*," he said, "would probably be as diverting as *Beulah Spa*."

The novelty of the scene, the size and brilliancy of the theatre, entranced me. The *Juliet* of the night—a lady whose name is now forgotten—made a rapid inroad upon my affections, and in the balcony-scene had me fairly at her feet. Later in the evening the sandal that bound her little slipper of gleaming satin got loose, and my divinity was near being prostrated upon her face. A laugh that jarred on my feelings broke forth from pit and gallery. What would I not have given for permission to readjust that dainty ligature! I was sure that the passion evinced by my enchantress could not be feigned; that in *Juliet's* love and despair she was shadowing forth the romance of her own history. O that for her sake I could have been a Montague, that she could have confided to me the secrets of a heart overburdened by its delicious tenderness! When, after drinking the friar's potion, she staggered back exhausted to her couch, I became seriously alarmed for her health, and trusted that some medical man of eminence was in the house

When the act-drop went down, I expressed my anxiety to Mr. Whimple; who observed, that he did not consider the case dangerous, though a prescription of bottled stout and oysters might probably be resorted to with advantage. You naturally think that I hated him. By no means. Jestng on such a theme seemed to me impossible; and I gave him credit for assuming this levity to hide his own sensibilities and to sooth mine.

Next morning we read at breakfast the *critiques* of the press on the performance. Some were favorable, others commented upon my heroine in a strain that savored of invective. One journal in particular reproached the lady with an artificial and pretentious style, with a shrill voice, and with being too old for the character. As I read, compassion, not resentment, was uppermost. I thought of the critic as of one to whom Nature had denied a sense,—sight or hearing, for example. I wondered how he would feel if his closed perception were at any time to be opened; and what amount of remorseful acknowledgment he would think sufficient for his error. Meantime it was my comfort to write anonymously to the fair victim of his blindness, to tell her how the recollection of her pathos and grace haunted one unknown but unforgetting breast; how her form would ever flit before the eyes, and her voice linger in the ears, of one sincere adorer. With a subtlety which I could not then have deemed possible, Whimple humored my feelings as to the wronged *tragédienne*, until, in my innocence, I showed him the enthusiastic tribute I had just penned. Never shall I forget his reception of this document. He did not burst into loud laughter, but a silent cachination, at first subdued, broadened over his countenance, and gradually extended its influence over his person, until his sides shook in sympathy with the twitching muscles of his face. He seized my hands, and assured me, as articulately as he could, that I was worth any money as a specific against the "blues."

"Only," said he, "to have made your homage complete, you should have seasoned it with a line or two of good hearty contempt for Miss —, of Drury Lane, the rival of your last night's idol."

"What," thought I, "he deems my Juliet capable of a mean jealousy!" I deigned him no answer except a smile of pity.

Mr. Whimple was a general favorite, and

introduced me to society. I was a little bashful; but from the quiet corners of brilliant drawing-rooms I indulged my dreams of romance to the full. The tone of London society, the amiable smiles and the gently modulated utterance of those who composed it, were new to me, and delightful as new. At times Whimple would approach me, and make some provoking comment. A sentence that seemed to my ears to fall from fair lips in distilled music, he would call a masterpiece of retort; or observe at the end of a song, in which the siren had evidently poured out her whole heart, "that she was making a dead set at the gouty old admiral beside her." I could not believe him to be serious.

"He is a kind fellow," I thought, "who disguises a too impressive nature under the mask of cynicism." And with this belief, after a rather protracted stay in town, I left him for my relatives in Kent.

Whimple House was situated in a well-wooded hamlet-dotted country, that, backed by a long wall of hills, sloped gently to the sea. The region, though less wild and romantic than my native North, was scarcely less picturesque. The opulence of Nature, if not its grandeur, was everywhere attested. There were smiling orchards, dressed in the variegated blossoms of spring, and mazy lanes diverging from the undulating highway, from the higher points of which one caught glimpses of the Channel, and of the French coast gleaming like a ridge of pearl in the noonday sun. At times, remote in pastoral quiet and still as if brooding over their own memories, the ruins of some time-worn castle arrested the eye, while stately avenues of elm or oak conducted to edifices of modern civilization. It was through such an avenue that the carriage, sent to meet me at the nearest station, bowled smoothly towards Whimple House.

I received a warm voluble greeting from aunt Whimple on my arrival. She had been for some years a widow, and with her daughter kept lonely state in her commodious mansion. My cousin, a "missy" of nineteen, was called Eliza Jane, and looked the harmless propriety of her name to perfection. Unlike her mother, who abounded in easy chatter, which she had a habit of enforcing by gesture, Eliza Jane was at first quiet, almost timid, in her movements. She had light blue eyes, a complexion of the most delicate pink and

white, and a brow smooth as an ivory tablet that has never been written upon.

I had once seen a travelling collection of wax-work, and could not help comparing my cousin to a finely modelled young lady, who was the gem of that exhibition, and who had vividly impressed my boyish feelings. I felt it as a compliment to Eliza Jane when it occurred to me that she ought to stand under a glass cover and be looked at as a work of art. True, in that case I should have missed the air of retiring grace with which she saluted me on our introduction, and the gentle whispers of assent with which she echoed my opinions when I gained courage to talk to her. For it happened by a delightful chance that my prevailing tastes and views of things in general were exactly those which aunt Whimple had always cherished, and in which Eliza Jane had been carefully educated.

Thus when I gave vent at dinner to my admiration of the neighboring country, my aunt's enthusiasm broke forth somewhat as follows :

"Superb! is it not? Yes, I flatter myself, as to the charms of Nature, we Kentish folk may hold our own tolerably well. And so you're a lover of nature, Alfred?—you're soup's cooling, my dear boy.—To be sure, you love nature. You wouldn't else be a favourite here long with somebody whose glass wants filling. My dear Eliza Jane, your glass to your cousin. She's so delicate and ethereal,—I insist on the sherry, my pet, as a prescription,—and she's such an ardent votary of nature."

As Eliza Jane, in her dove-colored silk, acquiesced softly in the charge, she reminded me of the coo of that gentle bird; while aunt Whimple, with her green robe, her fluttering cap-ribbons, her somewhat *prononcée* aristocratic nose, and indefatigable tongue, forced upon my senses the less harmonious association of a parrot.

In the course of the evening I took up the *Irish Melodies*. They were admirably suited to my vein of sentiment. How charmed was I, then, to hear from my aunt that Eliza Jane not only shared my enthusiasm for those delicate and passionate strains, but that she was addicted to singing them when alone! Of course I implored her to relinquish in my favor this monopoly of vocal delight. Mrs. Whimple pleaded for me with an arch look. Eliza Jane modestly hesitated, then as mod-

estly yielded. It struck me at the time that I had heard Ursula Nainby sing with greater expression; but how charming was my cousin's reticence! I dived at once into her secret. It was clear to me that her feelings were too acute, and that her cold and mechanical style was assumed to mask them. I was capricious enough to contrast her with my London Juliet to the disadvantage of the former, and to think that the emotions which shrank from being detected were far more charming than those which took the public into their confidence.

Next morning, my aunt proposed a drive to Freshwood Castle, a noted ruin in the neighborhood; and I was again delighted to find, on the testimony of Mrs. Whimple, that Eliza Jane shared my passion for the venerable relics of antiquity. Calling to mind the bright array of warriors and dames who once rode beneath the ivy-screened arch, or held festival within the shattered walls, I could not repress a sigh, which my cousin immediately echoed. She said little. Once she expressed her regret that the footpath to the castle was not kept in better repair, and confided to me an apprehension that the grass was yet damp from a morning shower. But when I looked my surprise that she could dwell upon such trifles in a spot consecrated to romance, she replied by a glance that at once showed how my suspicions had wronged her.

Aunt Whimple here observed that a model of the castle had been lately constructed in sugar-candy by the confectioner of a neighboring town; and I was startled to see the effect of this announcement upon my cousin.

"O, do let us drive there, mamma," she said. "I would give any thing to see it. I should like of all things to buy it. It must be such a curiosity. I wonder whether John-son has it for sale."

Dear little Eliza Jane! She might certainly enjoy her castle in sugar-candy without the inconvenience of rough roads or damp grass.

Her tongue, once set going, became a very active little member indeed. She still preserved "expressive silence" on those topics of imagination and feeling in which we had so intimate a sympathy. On such themes, a smile or a monosyllable was all that she permitted herself. But, besides those thoughts that lay "too deep for tears," she had a wonderful amount of interest for the surface of

life. As we became better acquainted, this characteristic grew striking. A travelling conjuror exhibited one morning at the Assembly Rooms in the town of H—. At Eliza Jane's earnest intercession, my aunt gave her countenance to the entertainment, on the bills of which Mrs. and Miss Whimple, of Whimple House, were conspicuous as patronesses. Very droll was it, before the day of performance, to note the anxiety with which my cousin referred to the barometer. The weather was then uncertain, and she brought us hourly bulletins of its condition. After the event her demeanor was still more amusing. She would sit by the hour with a pack of playing-cards before her, in a vain attempt to detect the sleight-of-hand of the "wizard." She would describe for the benefit of every fresh visitor the whole series of illusions, and always in the same terms. She invariably commenced with an inventory of the performer's dress, and was most particular as to the number of his rings and as to the fingers which they respectively adorned. Never before or since have I seen so much energy and such a power of classification devoted to statistics not usually considered important.

Eliza Jane had an instinct for the minute. Showing me the full-length portrait of her paternal great-uncle, a naval hero of celebrity, she first called attention to the life-like painting of his knee-buckles. On my entrance into the grand reception-room, she made no allusions to its lofty proportions, or to the noble view which it commanded; but informed me that the pattern of ferns and poppies in the carpet was repeated just four hundred and six times, as she had discovered by actual counting. She was sometimes positively excited, but always upon points of infinitesimal interest.

"What a very becoming Valenciennes collar," remarked my aunt, "Mary Hare wore yesterday at the Assembly Rooms!"

"Valenciennes, mamma?" rejoined Eliza Jane; "I assure you it was Mechlin."

"You are mistaken, love."

"Mamma, I had it in my hand the day after Mary bought it."

"Very well, dearest, don't tease yourself about it."

"O, that's just to put me off," pouted my cousin; "but we shall see." And next night she held exultingly in her hand the Mechlin collar for which she had privately dispatched

a messenger to her friend. Ah, what great life-problems might be happily solved, would men bring to them Eliza Jane's earnestness upon a question of lace!

I cannot tell what would have been the effect of these artless traits upon my passion had our retired life been continued. Very possibly, with my idealising propensity, I should have discovered a new charm in them. But a change was at hand. Aunt Whimple now prepared me for the immediate arrivals of Miss Dorothea Wallis and Miss Kate Hewerdine, the latter under the wing of her father the major. These young ladies were also my cousins on the mother's side, and of course nieces of Mrs. Whimple. I cannot say that she showed the solicitude of an affectionate kinswoman to bias me in their favor. Dorothea, she said, was flighty, and would talk of matters beyond her. As for Kate, her disposition was naturally bold, and a year or two of Parisian education had made her intolerable. Then my aunt corrected herself. She was doubtless too hard upon Kate, but she was so different from some one whom it hardly became her (aunt Whimple) to name. She supposed her own modest, sensitive darling had spoiled her for young ladies in general. Finally, she hinted that the visit of my cousins was hardly delicate, and had been forced upon her. My other aunts, it seemed, had threatened to bid against aunt Whimple for the pleasure of my society; and her invitation to their eldest daughters to meet me was extorted as a compromise.

Dorothea Wallis and Kate Hewerdine duly arrived. The former had the precedence by twenty-four hours; in the course of which I discovered that she had a great turn for poetry and the arts, and could talk eloquently upon all those topics respecting which Eliza Jane was so morbidly reserved. Who could look at cousin Dorothea and not see that she was a child of imagination? If, now writing in the common daylight of reality, I must pronounce her complexion sallow, her features irregular, her outline sharp, and her years thirty-one, I still maintain that her eyes were large, dark, and lustrous; and that these, with her rich tresses of raven hair, lent her, in moments of enthusiasm, the aspect of a sibyl. But she had her intervals of mirth and frolic. The charms of unexpectedness and contrast attended every thing she did. She was by turns sentimental and arch, absorbed

and communicative; and she had the most fascinating gift of candor I ever met with. At opportune times—sunset, for example—she would motion for silence, and stand with her gaze riveted on the fading glories of the West. Again, you would find her hid in nooky corners of the garden (provided she knew that you walked there), or at night basking on her knees in the glow of the still seasonable fire. I observed that she had a particular aversion to chairs. She would stand, recline, squat, or kneel; but never sit, except in cases of necessity. In every attitude she was eerie and fay-like. Discovering at once the reciprocity of our natures, she told me how for days before she had had a sense of some crisis in her fate, a presentiment of meeting with one who could understand her. She avowed, to my delight, that in her opinion the soul had oracular thrills, intuitions that transcended the cold processes of reason. Did I believe in intuitions? she asked. Did I think her a foolish fantastic little elf? I might if I liked; she half believed it herself. Everybody said she was a spoiled incomprehensible day-dreamer,—everybody but cousin Alfred, and he was going the way to spoil her more by pretending that he liked her. What dreams cousin Alfred had that night, and what sprite-like face was the pervading presence in all, he leaves the reader to imagine.

In the morning this new influence had so fully seized me, that I began to find dear Eliza Jane wearisomely insipid, and by adroit manoeuvres I managed to devote myself to Dorothea all that day.

What dear friends we grew! What flights Dorothea took from the sublime and tender to the funny, and *vice versa*. How, after carolling in the blue ether of imagination, would she alight upon some little twig of commonplace, and be out of sight again ere you could clap hands! Her name, for example: what a world of mirth and feeling she got out of that! Did I know that she had been so afraid lest I should dislike her for being called Dorothea? Malicious people, indeed, called her Dorothy. *N'importe*; she defied them. She knew I looked upon Dorothy as a ruddy country lass, kneading dough with arms bare to the shoulders. Then oughtn't I to be ashamed of myself? What was become of my Greek? Didn't I remember that in that classic tongue her name signified a divine gift? (Then sud-

denly adopting the *penseroso*.) Ah, what a name for one like her! How it upbraided her with a thousand foibles and naughtinesses! She a divine gift, indeed, to anybody! But (resuming the *allegro*) I had surely read *Don Quixote*? Had not dear Cervantes consecrated the name to pastoral beauty? Oh, goodness, what should I have thought had I caught the present Dorothea washing those little feet of hers in a brook!

Reclining on the arbor-seat, she did not fail, as if by a childish impulse, to disclose one of those delicate members. A charming foot it was, cased in its coquettish bronze-colored *brodequin*, which allowed the clock of a fine stocking to hint itself above the ancle. A moment's glimpse, however, was all that she permitted; for she was sure that I should think her the vainest of mortals. Well, she shouldn't contradict me. She owned to being proud of her feet and hands. She thought them signs of "blood," and a passion for "blood" was another of her weaknesses—I should find her full of faults. But could I deny that there was a certain poetry in birth,—I who might claim it equally with herself?

My readers will feel little surprised that the arrival of Kate Hewerdine at night was a matter of supreme indifference to me. Nor did cousin Kate's manner and appearance seem likely to alter this sentiment. On our meeting she regarded me with a look at once critical and careless. She was a brunette of about two-and-twenty; tall, handsome, commanding, and doubtless accustomed to be admired; but there was about her a tone of implied superiority that I thought by no means attractive. Her father, the major, was a tall, slim, unimpressible man, whose talk ran chiefly upon dogs and horses; but who seemed to want the heartiness of an English sportsman. He was, however, very civil to me, and had conceived a project of taking me on a tour of inspection to the studs of all his acquaintance in the neighborhood. This intention, which I quietly resisted, completed my distaste for himself and his daughter.

Three or four days afterwards, Major Hewerdine, having fallen in with some kindred spirits, agreed to accompany them to Ascot for the "cup" day. Great was my satisfaction, for I hoped once more to abandon myself to the society of Dorothea. My desires, however, were often frustrated; bare polite-

ness compelled me at times to make my attentions general. Then ever-smiling garrulous aunt Whimple had taken a sudden fancy to drive her ponies; and while she and her lady guests formed a crowded trio in front of the chaise, it was my destiny to pair with Eliza Jane behind. Again, Eliza Jane had a great delight in riding over to the town of H—. Shops were her passion, especially the circulating library, where a list of arrivals was kept. Marvellous was the time that she spent in discovering what names had been added to the list, and in refreshing her memory as to past announcements. More than once aunt Whimple, alarmed by the long absences of her darling, implored me to ride after her to H—, and see that no accident had befallen her. I felt this disposal of my time the more annoying because Eliza Jane's delays were customary, and she never rode unattended.

The result of all this was, that I was only able to resume by snatches my coveted intercourse with Dorothea. Whenever we were alone, she was the same brilliant versatile creature as ever. But in our family circle I could not help discerning in her little traits of petulance, which I forgave the more readily from flattering myself that I divined their cause. She displayed, however, certain peculiarities which I could not account for quite so pleasantly. It happened one day that early strawberries were introduced at dessert. A fair distribution of the fruit had been made, and I was startled shortly after to see Dorothea appropriate to herself all that remained upon the dish: she accomplished this feat with the merriest of laughs.

"Do you know, aunt Whimple," she said, "I have a positive mania for strawberries: I own I'm a greedy unconscionable little puss; but what is one to do when one's the victim of a mania?"

This was a slight incident truly; but it would be hard to describe the perplexity it occasioned me. Given an ideal of romantic generosity, how to reconcile it with an inequitable monopoly of strawberries, was the problem I had to work; and I spent the evening without arriving at a solution.

The next morning, we were all riding together. A drenching rain fell, and we were obliged to return hastily. The weather, which had become variable, was that day unusually cold. My cousins, having changed their wet

garments, gathered to the fire; Dorothea, crouching on the hearth-rug, as was customary with her, managed to effect a tolerable blockade of the genial element.

"Do make room, Dorothy! Eliza Jane and I are shivering," said Kate Hewerdine.

"I can't get up yet, indeed I can't! I'm the chilliest mortal that ever breathed. Very selfish, am I not? Well, it's my nature, and mamma spoiled me when I was a child."

"You might certainly have been improved by another kind of discipline," replied Kate, taking my riding-whip and chastising with considerable severity an imaginary culprit in the air.

Dorothea had given me another problem to work. I was musing over it in the garden; for the rain had ceased, and the evening sky, quickened with windy light, had tempted me out of doors. While pacing to and fro in reverie, a tall figure confronted me at a turn in the walk. It was Kate: she neither advanced nor turned aside. She was not a repulsive apparition this tall stately Kate, with her calm self-possessed look, her shawl half slipping from her shoulders, and the ribbons of her garden-hat floating in the wind like the ensigns of her careless beauty. She had hitherto deigned me only the most cursory notice. I was surprised, therefore, when she accosted me in a tone which, though abrupt, was earnest.

"Cousin Alfred," she said, "why won't you let me like you?"

It was not a flattering question, and it piqued me.

"The obstacles," I replied, "must be insurmountable, but they are not of my making. I'm a victim, cousin, not a culprit."

"You are the latter for using such roundabout phraseology. Now let me take your arm, and tell you of your faults."

"An agreeable invitation," I thought; but her past indifference and present bluntness excited a strange kind of interest.

"Cousin," she pursued, "if you don't stop in time you'll become that worst of horrors—an effeminate manikin. You like flattery; you talk in the cut-and-dry style of old romances, or quote poetry; you sit a night through moody and absorbed, and at last take up your bedchamber-candle with a sigh."

"Thank you; I fear I'm incurable."

"No; in that case I shouldn't have taken the trouble to talk to you. A flash of spirit

breaks out now and then, which proves that you might be reclaimed. But you must work hard."

"And for what inducement, fair cousin?"

"In the first place, to improve yourself; in the second, to secure my good opinion."

"But suppose I should be so lost as to live on comfortably under the affliction of your censure?"

"That's rude and satirical," she rejoined; "but it's a decided advance. I would rather see you discourteous than lackadaisical. There," she continued, "I can spare you no more good counsel for the present;" and with a slight laugh she withdrew her arm, and returned to the house.

She had managed to wound my vanity; and in spite of my pretended indifference, the desire to raise myself in her eyes grew into a powerful motive. I gradually became ashamed of replying to Dorothea's sentimental telegraphs. In the house I exerted myself to talk. Out of doors I proposed boating-excursions on the lake, and blistered my hands with vigorous rowing, or leaped my horse over dikes and fences with reckless audacity.

"Cousin Alfred, you are improving; I beg your pardon for having undervalued you," said Kate softly.

Praise from her, and in such a tone, was so new to me, that I blushed with pleasure.

After a while the praise grew scantier; then it ceased. She met me with reserve—almost shyness. I feared that I was again falling in her good opinion, and told her so.

"No, cousin," she whispered, "when we women really give our esteem, we find it hard to talk about it."

She averted her head as if she had said too much. Was this indeed the haughty Kate of a week since?

Laugh on, good reader. You are right in your guess that she fooled me, and you will think that so fickle a gentleman deserved it. Yet, if you had seen her imperious manner melt by degrees into tenderness and deference,—if she had held out her hand to you with her air of sweet frankness, to withdraw it with still sweeter confusion when you pressed it,—if, in a word, you had been in my place—But you were not, and cannot understand my excuses.

By this time, however, I had become enough of a diplomatist to keep my own secret. Thus my growing preference for

Kate was unobserved by Eliza Jane, who still favored me with her smiling inanities. If Dorothy was more alive to my faithlessness, she never reproached me. Intellectual duels between herself and Kate became a sort of recognised institution in the household. With all my faults, however, I was not presumptuous, and never regarded myself as the cause of these hostilities.

One evening, aunt Whimple came hurriedly into the drawing-room, and informed us that a boat belonging to a fisherman at H—had been lost in a brief but violent squall the day before. The owner himself and his eldest son had perished. Though my aunt spoke at such length, and with such rapidity as to confuse her tale, it was plain that her sympathy was excited, and I had never liked her so well as now. Eliza Jane, too, seemed really distressed; though when a question arose as to whether the ill-fated boat had been launched in the previous January or in February, she discussed that point with as much zeal and minuteness as if it were the chief one to be considered. Dorothea clasped her hands and drew an imaginary picture of the sinking boat, which was even less to my taste than the puerilities of Eliza Jane. Kate was the first to say any thing to the purpose. On learning that the fisherman had left a widow and two children, she proposed that we should get up a subscription for their relief.

"I have no doubt you will approve of this plan, cousin Alfred," she said; "but I should like to be guided by you as to the best means of carrying it out. You know my purse and my exertions are both at your disposal."

What, then, did she look up to me so much? I am afraid it would be hard to say whether her generosity or her confidence in myself went most to my heart.

The only dissentient from our scheme was Dorothea. She would certainly contribute her mite, she observed, if the rest did; but she had always thought that pecuniary help was the worst that could be given to the poor. It taught them to be dependent, and to relax their own efforts. Was there no way of getting the widow employment—as a laundress, for example? We were silent.

"I know what you are thinking," she resumed,—“that cousin Dorothea is a mean, stingy, little curmudgeon.”

There was silence still. In this case I believe it gave consent.

The awkward pause was interrupted by the entrance of a servant with the evening letter-bag. There was a letter for me. I saw at a glance that it was from Ursula Nainby. The sight of her hand was a great pleasure to me, as from some hints dropped in my father's epistles I had felt anxious about her health. Reserving my full enjoyment until our circle should disperse for the night, I then broke Ursula's seal, and read as follows:

"You will wonder, dear Alfred, why you have not heard from sister Ursula since you left London. I would not let your father tell you before; but there is no harm in your knowing now that I have been what is called 'seriously ill.' I knew, if you had heard this at the time, you would have been troubled on account of your old friend and playmate. Now you will pass at once from the sentence that tells you of her illness to the next, that says she is well and brave again; and that will be almost as pleasant to you as the change itself was to her. And it is indeed a happy thing to recover, well worth all that one undergoes in sickness. The earth looks so bright and new, there is such sweetness in the air, such freshness in the flowers, that it seems as if one were born again into the world. And this is the least of the pleasure. I never knew till now how much I was to my dear father, or to your own tender parents, or to the poor people in the town, who would make believe that I had done them some great kindness as an excuse for showing theirs to me. And you remember my little pupil, Ellen Winslow, the attorney's daughter? You remember your little brown-eyed beauty of last year, whom you used to watch trundling her hoop down the garden, her bright wavy hair flowing down to her sash? Dear child, we are such friends! Nothing would keep her from the house while I was ill; and when forbidden to enter my room, she would sit by the hour on the stairs outside. I feel as if it were a delightful pain to be cared for so. What can one do in the world to be worthy of the love one meets with?"

"You know how often sister Ursula thought of you in those hours of sickness. Sometimes the thoughts were sad. What if you should come again, in the course of years, to the old place, and walk beneath the lilacs, or sit on the old green bench by the well, without your old playmate? She knew that would be a pain to you. Then she wondered whether old friends who go home before their companions can come to them unseen, and put sweet happy hopes into their minds.

"But, thank God, that question need not be answered yet. We may still meet in our old haunts; for, however great and prosper-

ous you may be, you will never forget your first home nor the dear past times. So, you see, I have pleasures to recall and pleasures to expect; and I shan't take the veil, and be a nun, spite of your pretty nickname, which I mean always to keep. SISTER URSULA."

"Dear sister Ursula," I echoed. There was something of pain and reproach as well as of tenderness in my thoughts. Had I done her wrong, then? I hoped not. But the reproach lingered. I walked to the open window of my chamber. The stars were shining in the serene blue night. I felt somehow as if I had no right to admire them, they were so immeasurably beyond me—like Ursula.

CHAPTER III.

WE had arranged to have a picnic at Freshwood Castle next day. I was hardly in good spirits when we set out; but the beauty of the scene, the preparations for our *al-fresco* feast, and, above all, the subtle flattery of Kate's confiding eyes, helped me to rally.

Never could the old castle have looked more picturesque. This holiday of ours seemed also a holiday of nature,—one of those days when she ceases from her hard earnest work, when the winds dally rather than blow, and when the sun, knowing there is full time yet to ripen the springing blade, puts forth a subdued and capricious brightness, and feigns to mask himself with fleecy clouds. Merrily did he peep through old archways, and trip with steps of light up the zigzag stairs of stone, and flash through wide fissures in the walls, whence one caught glimpses of the sea gamboling with the lightest crests of foam.

The castle-walls, dressed in ivy from their base upwards, were sufficiently broad for a single person to walk upon, provided he had steady nerves. By the help of a projecting ash-tree and an occasional crevice, I soon gained their summit. My footing was not only somewhat insecure, but there were here and there rents in the masonry, over which it was decidedly hazardous to step. As I walked on I heard the voice of Kate in expostulation.

"Do be careful, Alfred. Look at the gap just before you. Come down, I beg!"

I laughed, and prepared to spring across.

"Alfred," she exclaimed, "for my sake!"

But to show myself fearless in her eyes was my greatest incentive. I cleared the

gap, triumphantly pursued my way on the wall, and skirted a projecting turret which hid me from her view. I continued till I had made the entire circuit of the building; then let myself down by a dilapidated arch, on the ledge of which I stood. I was examining the best means of further descent, when I heard the voices of my cousins. They had not been able to follow my windings, and were quite unaware that I was so near them. The descent was very difficult, and I was again obliged to halt. It was Eliza Jane's voice that I heard now. She seemed to be reading. When she paused there was an exclamation apparently of incredulity from Dorothea and Kate. I was compelled by my position to hear what they said.

"But here's the letter, with the American postmark on it," resumed Eliza Jane. "See, the stamp is not circular, like the London one, but oblong."

"Simpleton!" cried Kate with military sternness, "who would waste time upon the stamp of a letter when its news is so important?"

"Not so simple as she seems," remarked Dorothy tartly. "That air of trifling which permits her to make what advances she likes, and to retreat, if need be, on the plea of childishness, is capital diplomacy. I'm ashamed of you, Eliza Jane. You suspected it all along, and yet allowed me to—to be—that is, to run the risk of being—led away by my feelings; but I wasn't."

"No, my dear. I would insure your prudence against all risks from your heart at a very moderate premium."

"Thank you, Katherine Hewerdine. It becomes *you* to talk," retorted Dorothea. "You couldn't fail on your arrival here to see where his bias lay; the ground was pre-occupied, but you didn't scruple to invade it. Well, it's a fine prize that you've captured. I didn't think it worth retaining; you're very welcome to it, cousin Kate."

"You similes are incoherent, Miss Wallis," replied Kate, "and your accusations absurd. You know well that I never flattered him, but told him frankly of his faults."

"Yes, at first, just to stimulate him, and to make your recent demonstrations more telling by contrast."

"Demonstrations! My dear love, you are really exposing your own tactics too freely. No, I'm not at all angry. There's a time of

life, I admit, when a woman who *will* be married, *coûte qui coûte*, has neither an hour to spare nor a *ruse* to throw away."

Here Eliza Jane interfered as pacificator. Mamma, she said had told her that matrimony was now out of the question.

"Of course," echoed Kate and Dorothy simultaneously.

"Then, why should we quarrel?" pursued Eliza Jane. "As mamma says, girls must be prudent and not let their chances escape; but, for my part, I always thought cousin Alfred too much in the clouds."

"Clouds indeed!" exclaimed Dorothy. "He hasn't a particle of fancy. He takes metaphors *au pied de la lettre*, and works as hard at a compliment as if it were a sum in arithmetic."

"He has seen nothing of life," interposed Kate; "but there's the making of a very tolerable man in him, if he were well taken in hand."

Dorothea laughed sardonically. "I advise you to undertake the task; you're particularly well qualified for taming savages."

"Let me tell you, Dorothea," replied Kate, in a cold measured tone, "there's more hope of a savage like cousin Alfred than of some more civilised products. He's vain, I grant, but good-natured; sentimental, but not insincere; often ridiculous from want of *savoir faire*, but never despicable from want of heart. How much more respectable, after all than many persons who have had greater advantages! You know the class I mean, love; interested and avaricious to the core, but all warmth and candor on the surface; people who, by an artificial system, can force smiles as gardeners force winter flowers,—who, by a private method of hydraulics, can convert ice into tears at a moment's notice,—whose worldliness never lets them be led away by one genuine feeling, but whose vanity makes them as absurd as if they were the slaves of impulse."

Such, or to such import, were the words which cousin Kate addressed to cousin Dorothy. The latter, I think, winced a little, for her rejoinder was not immediate. At last she said, "You would have succeeded on the stage, dear."

"I can speak the more freely upon this matter," Kate resumed conversationally, "because it's plain I can have no interest except, that of a cousin in poor Alfred. I hope he'll

meet with some excellent young person in his own sphere of life; and if so, rely upon it, he'll prove a creditable husband. But where is he all this time?"

They moved away, I suppose in quest of me. It was a blessing that they went. Think, reader, how young I was; that the whole edifice which faith builds and fancy adorns had crumbled at a sound; that I stood amidst ruins far more melancholy than the gray walls around me; and do not despise me because I wept. They were scalding bitter tears. The Eden of youth had lost its charm: I had eaten of the tree of knowledge.

I had seen frivolities in Eliza Jane, and little selfishnesses in Dorothea; but I had never doubted that both were true at heart, and, above all, that I was an object of regard to them. Kate had been my latest, and perhaps my dearest, idol; and yet from some cruel caprice even she had joined the rest to delude me. She had agreed at once that marriage with cousin Alfred was out of the question, and even in defending me had shown a pity akin to contempt.

I felt the necessity for an effort, hastily dried my eyes, and spoke to myself aloud, till I found that my choking voice had been subdued to calmness. The fear of betraying my real emotions led me to feign opposite ones. I distributed the plates at the picnic with such alacrity, fired the champagne-corks with such spirit, was so gallant in my attentions, and so audacious, if not brilliant, in my puns, that I astonished Alfred Morris himself no less than his cousins.

There was a change, decided though not perhaps intentional, in the behavior of my companions. True, they applauded my *mots* at first, and scanned me with a look of wonder, as if my good spirits were unaccountable. But when our repast was ended, Dorothea complained of the heat, yawned undisguisedly, and after making a pillow of the carriage-cushions, went to sleep under an elm-tree. Eliza Jane adroitly avoided my sallies, and was soon in her element, describing to Kate the castle in sugar-candy at the confectioner's; from which topic she naturally branched to the professor of magic, detailing, as usual, the number of his rings, and specifying the fingers which they adorned. Kate roused herself every now and then to encourage me; but I understood plainly the listless good-nature of her manner. "Poor fellow," it seemed to

say, "I may as well be kind to him; 'tis but for a day or two."

As for aunt Whimple, she was, contrary to her wont, grave and silent. Her chief occupation was to saunter round the enclosure, and to appear before us at regular intervals, like the punctual and proper sentinel she was.

It was twilight when we reached Whimple House. How well I remember my aunt touching me on the shoulder as I leaned moodily by the hall-door! She motioned me to follow her, and we entered a room, dusky not only with the shades of evening, but with those of the broad sycamore by the window.

I have sometimes thought that aunt Whimple chose this obscurity that I might not read her face. She began rather slowly with a general homily upon the fluctuation of human affairs; but finding her vein of divinity flow easily, soon became as rapid as she was shallow. "And now, my dear Alfred," she continued by way of improvement, "you ought really to be thankful that you have never been brought up with any great expectations. I see quite a Providence in it. You will bear your reverses so much better; for I am bound to be frank with you, Alfred, and to tell you that you have a serious disappointment before you. Indeed, it was a positive shock to me when I heard it; though no doubt every thing that happens is for the best, and you will of course see that it is your duty to be resigned."

Thinking that she alluded to the coquetry of my cousins, and wished to warn me against indulging delusive hopes, I answered proudly, that whatever might have been the state of my feelings, I was fully able to control them when I perceived that they had not been reciprocated.

"Very right, my dear Alfred," she said; "and I quite agree that it would be well for you to return home as soon as possible, and to banish from your mind any impressions that dear Eliza Jane may undesignedly have made. But it was not of my beloved child that I wished to speak. I am sorry to say that I have had news from America, which I fear must be considered fatal to your prospects."

Here my trio of cousins entered, and Mrs. Whimple addressed them.

"I was preparing our dear Alfred for the serious news which I have to communicate."

"Pray go on," I said.

"Then you must know that since the death

of your uncle, George Morris, it has been discovered that his affairs, and those of his partners, have been seriously involved; and that, instead of the ample fortune which you were to inherit, the property of the firm is scarcely sufficient to meet its liabilities."

"And how did you learn this news?" I asked calmly.

"By a letter which I received this morning from New York. It enters into the matter so minutely as to leave no doubt that my information is correct."

"I cannot express my obligations, madam, for the extraordinary interest which you have taken in my affairs. I had no idea that you had made them the subject of such particular inquiry." Here I fancied that aunt Whimple especially congratulated herself that we were talking in the twilight. "It will doubtless be most satisfactory to you," I continued, "to learn that your news does not refer to my late uncle, but to another George Morris, who died recently in New York. My uncle traded singly. The George Morris spoken of in your letter was the head of a firm, and in no way connected with my relative."

"Is it possible? are you certain of this?"

"Perfectly certain. My American agent, in forwarding me remittances, advised me of the news you have communicated, that I might be under no uneasiness from any reports as to the affairs of George Morris and Co., a house which, as I have already said, was quite distinct from my uncle's."

A deep hush followed this announcement. I was reminded of the ominous calm that heralds the first plash of the big rain-drops; and it was not Dorothea's fault if for once her hydraulic system failed, and the *grandes eaux* of her sympathies *would* not play.

She did all that was possible under the circumstances. She uttered a giggle that would once have passed with me for an approach to genuine hysterics. She pressed my hand with an ardor that I should once have thought unfeigned. Then she excused herself for this freedom. She was such a creature of impulse; it was a great fault, but she would never mend of it now; and if I would think ill of her for forgetting herself in my happiness, why, she must bear it.

Let me pass over the congratulations of aunt Whimple, and the renewed amiability of Eliza Jane. I must say, however, in justice to Kate, that pride, or perhaps a better motive,

withheld her from recurring to the arts by which she had before flattered and captivated me.

On the whole, the revelation of that night was bitter enough. To have believed myself the victim of caprice, would have been more tolerable than the conviction that both the favor and the neglect I had experienced were due solely to the assumed state of my fortunes. Was it come to this? Was I, then, after all, a mere bank, in which deposits might be invested or withdrawn according to the quotations of the market? For at least forty-eight hours I was a confirmed misanthropist. I believed all that had ever been alleged as to human sordidness and insincerity. The bitter maxims of every cynic whom I had read came back to me, and received my emphatic subscription. I thought of my Juliet of Covent Garden, and felt sure that she was old and wrinkled. The world itself seemed to me a theatre, with "pay here" conspicuous at the entrance, and within the walls fiction for reality and gaslight for the sun.

An irresistible yearning for home seized upon me. In the morning, to the astonishment, perhaps to the chagrin, of my aunt, I made my *adieu*. Finding that my resolution was fixed, she chattered on to the last in her pleasant empty way, expressed a hope that we should soon meet again, and charged me with as many messages to my parents as would have filled a sheet of foolscap. Eliza Jane, too, simpered the most gracious of farewells. Dorothea presented me with a silver-gilt pencil-case, which was the more disinterested, as she had a presentiment that I should immediately forget her. Kate was cold and silent; but there was something like cordiality in the pressure of her hand at parting.

Whirl, whirl, whirl! I was in London. I drove straight from London Bridge to Euston Square. Whirl, whirl, whirl, again! and by the night of that day I had passed through the midland shires, and was speeding rapidly to the north. Worn in mind and body, I halted at York to sleep. At seven o'clock next day the train stopped at the well-known station from which a coach plied to my native town. It was early June, and the weather was delicious—warm but breezy. I sent on my luggage by the coach, and determined to walk the six miles' distance to my home.

I had not been absent more than a few weeks, yet it seemed to me as if that interval

were a bridge between two lives. The features of the scene through which I passed touched me with the pathos felt by the old in the haunts which they revisit. The permanence of outward things affected me with the sense of change in myself. I had known them in a former day. Life had gained for me the mournful dignity of history.

My road, though on the whole bold and rugged, was not wanting in variety. At times the abrupt naked hills bore in their laps wooded dells smiling with white-walled cottages, lanes fragrant with banks of thyme and hedges of honeysuckle, and merry with the brawl of brook or gully. In one green lane at the end of a tiny hamlet the blacksmith was startling errant poultry with the clang of his hammer; and the principal chantieeler, having achieved a safe distance, was uttering his defiance with the shrillest iteration. Ursula and I, when children, had often strolled as far as this lane, and watched the stalwart blacksmith with admiring awe. In our eyes he took a grandeur from the element with which he worked. He was a veritable fire-king, to be propitiated with all dues of respect. As a matter of policy we had always addressed him as *Mister Watkins*. I sighed to think that I no longer feared him, and dared call him plain Watkins now. And very unfeeling I thought it that Watkins should continue to blow his bellows and smite upon his anvil now my heart was out of tune. "It would be just the same," I said to myself,—"he would blow just as lustily and strike as hard if that light-haired child, who toddles into the road from the threshold of the cottage opposite, were to die to-morrow." And so from the child and honest Watkins, in my morbid reverie, I drew symbols of the frailty of hope and the heartlessness of the world.

Musing on change and death, my thoughts went back to Ursula. What, I asked myself, if, in her late illness, the fatal hand had beckoned her, and she had been taken from our eyes? I shuddered as I felt how different life would have been to me without my playmate; and recalling her artless kindness, and the unvaried course of father's love and mother's love, a better mood came over me, and my heart swelled with gratitude. At length from a turning of the road the old church-tower was visible. Raised on a gentle slope, it seemed to watch tenderly over the little town that nestled at its foot. On the

outskirts, cottage after cottage peered peacefully through its fringe of fragrant elder-brake in the evening light. Approaching one of these cottages, I heard a tremulous voice, which I recognised at once as that of Mary Gleadall.

A venerable woman was Mary, who had seen her children's children to the third and fourth generation. Her mind was still active, but the infirmities of age held her a prisoner by her own threshold. She had probably this evening been fore-travelling in thought the solemn way which lay before her. She was talking of the sore fight between Christian and Apollyon in the Valley of Humiliation, so I divined at once that Bunyan's Pilgrim was her theme; and she was earnestly thanking some one who had been "eyes to the blind" in reading to her the conflict and the triumph of Christian. "Good night," she said; and the benediction was returned in tones which at once arrested me. In a minute the gate opened, and a slight graceful figure emerged from the shadow, and began leisurely to descend the hill.

O vision both familiar and strange! I knew Ursula at a glance, yet there was a sense in which I now saw her for the first time. As she wended home before me in her straw-hat and light summer garment, I saw as it were the spirit of my own youth. She was changed nevertheless. In the words that fell from her I had discerned a graver sweetness than that of old. Her step had lost something of its elasticity, but there was a gentle dignity in her movements which accorded well with her low soft utterance. Fearful of startling her, I followed at a distance, and was almost resolved to let her reach home before me. But this was not to be. She turned suddenly, and our eyes met. She stood for a moment as if spell-bound; then tottered towards me with a cry.

"Ursula, my own Ursula!" I exclaimed, rushing forward and supporting her. Then I reproached myself aloud bitterly for my indiscretion.

"No need," she said, rallying herself,—"no need, dear Alfred; a shock of joy will not harm me. But this is indeed a surprise."

Then she took my arm quietly, and said in her accustomed manner, "Now begin at the beginning, and tell sister Ursula how all this happened."

Captious being that I was, the alarm of a

minute before gave way to a feeling of disappointment at her self-possession. She insisted upon knowing the cause of my return. It was not illness, she said; for I was on foot, and there was a healthy tinge of bronze on my face. I spoke of her own recent illness. She was grave for a minute, then dropped again into her tone of calm cheerfulness. I must have been an atrocious egotist,—I was deeply mortified that she was no longer agitated. We met more than one acquaintance, whose greetings of wonder I had to return. On these occasions Ursula joined in the talk with the same equable voice and pleasant smile. I had much ado myself to keep down wild fluttering emotions. Not so she. "One would suppose she was in the habit of meeting with lost friends every day," I thought rather bitterly.

When we were again alone, this feeling of mine got vent. "You must be quite recovered now, dear Ursula," I said: "you bear the surprise of our sudden encounter admirably."

She looked earnestly in my face. "You are not displeased with sister Ursula?"

"Displeased, love! I was congratulating you."

"On what?"

"On your happy even disposition. An impulsive and excitable temper,—like mine, for instance,—might have suffered more from so sudden a visitation. I do not mean, however, to praise you too much by the comparison. In my case there might have been more at stake."

"More at stake!" she echoed in a murmur.

"Yes; with me affection is intense and overmastering. It rushes back to old associations like an impetuous tide. With you—" I paused.

"Go on. With me?"

"With you, dear, affection is a calm inland lake. It reflects tranquilly all the objects on its margin; but if they pass away—"

"Yes; then?"

"Why then naturally their images pass away too. The lake reflects heaven, and is tranquil still."

She did not reply. The arm that lay in mine stirred tremulously. I sought her face; but her head was bent down. "O, forgive me, Ursula!" I cried; "forgive me this mean selfish injustice."

She uttered neither pardon nor reproach;

but she raised her face, and, spite of every effort, the tears rolled down. I know not whether I was more stung by the sense of my own littleness, or thrilled with the proof of her affection. I could only repeat "Ursula, forgive me."

We were now in the narrow lane that led to my father's house. At length she asked, "And was it not my duty, Alfred, to be calm and cheerful?"

"Say your nature, not your duty, dear Ursula," I answered.

"My duty," she repeated. "Ah, do not think it needed no effort. It was not a light sorrow to lose my dear companion of childhood, not a light joy to meet him thus again; but—"

"Yes,—yes?"

"When that generous trusting companion went from us, ought I not to have been grateful to Providence that lent him to me" (she corrected herself)—"to all of us—so long? Ought I not, for his sake, to have tried to be worthy of his friendship,—not to repine, but to keep my mind hopeful and steadfast to all life's uses, that when I thought of him I might say, he would not be ashamed of me; that when I prayed for him, I might remember the prayers of a submissive heart are those which Heaven accepts?"

I relate all that she said, even her praise of myself, that my readers may see how I stood in the rays of her own pure spirit, and took from them a glory which she thought was my own.

Already we were near the garden-gate. The young crescent of the moon seemed to rest on the summit of the church-tower, shedding a tender gleam on its front, while the sides were clothed in soft shadows. A gentle air wafted the breath of roses to us from the garden-wall. In the deep hush I folded my darling to my heart. Around us were the pathos of death, the beauty of earth, the emblem of immortality.

"And it cost my Ursula," I whispered, "a pang when we parted?" The hand that I clasped returned the pressure of mine. "Would it be to her half the joy that I should feel, might I think that we should henceforth walk the path of life side by side,—that she should lean upon me all the way of our common travel?"

"Alfred!"

The tone in which she spoke was enough.

What need to tell of the joyful welcome I met from my parents, or how Ursula's father was sent for to supper, or how we sat at the board smiling, but often silent,—too happy to be merry?

You should have seen the glistening light in my mother's eyes, the warm grasp of my father's hand, when I said to them next morning, "I want you to have two children now; I want to give you Ursula for your daughter."

Two months after she became such. Ah, how different was the love I bore my dear wife,—the love of the soul, the love of faith and heart-repose,—from the dreamy fancy and transient passion born of flattered vanity and mere outside beauty. It was long before I could recur to the episode of aunt Whimple and my cousins without a feeling of bitterness. At such times Ursula, who knew all, would defend them.

"They were all self-seekers," I used to say.

"But you know, love, so many women are brought up to think fortune the first consideration in marriage."

"A mercenary creed."

"Yes; but few minds are strong enough to feel their own way to right when they have been perverted by false training. A woman who has been reared on a bad system on some points is not necessarily a bad woman.

I can fancy now that your Eliza Jane, spite of some self-interest to start with, may become an attached wife and good mother after all. Many natures are like creepers,—without power to choose their support, yet they cling kindly in time to the nearest prop by the force of custom."

"And Dorothea?"

"With her, perhaps, what was affectation in the end may have been reality at first. The spring-time of her life had passed away, and she had found no one to love or guide her. We may forgive many little selfishnesses, and even insincerities, to the unhappy."

"Go on, madam. And pray what have you to say of Kate?"

"As to Kate, I really think she only just fell short of being a brave true-hearted woman. With your leave, we'll have her on a visit next year."

"A very suitable companion for my little sophist, who has so many apologies for worldly-minded people."

"Who wishes to make allowances for them, sir; but who is too happy to have any excuse for being like them."

And thus she, who had dispersed the blindness that once hid herself from me, now taught me to look with a just vision upon the errors of others, and a second time opened my eyes.

The Writings of William Paterson, Founder of the Bank of England. Edited by S. Banister, M.A., of Queen's College, Oxford; formerly Attorney-General of New South Wales. In two volumes.

Six months ago we noticed at length a curious and searching "Life of Paterson" which the zeal of Mr. Banister had led him to compose after hunting up materials in every quarter. The same zeal induced him to promise a complete collection of Paterson's writings. This undertaking he has now carried into effect in two goodly volumes, accompanying the works of his hero by an estimate of his character, a biographical sketch of his life, notices of several of his contemporaries and friends, with some account of the Paterson family, and annotations on the writings.

The collection is a curious one for the commercial, financial, or economical historian or inquirer with a turn for the antiquities of his

subject. If all the writings ascribed by Mr. Banister in his life to Paterson were really composed by him, his views on currency and some other branches of Political Economy were far in advance of his age. His just conclusions, however, were empirical not systematic; so that on some economical questions he partook of the prejudices of the time, if he did not exceed them. For the generality of readers even on this class of subjects, the extracts in the Life were sufficient specimens of Paterson's writings; or at least could readily have been made so. The present volumes are a memorial of Paterson, (though by the by the authorship of some of the works ascribed to him is got at by inference), and a remarkable repertory of facts and opinions connected with the financial, commercial, and joint stock speculations of his age. They are, however, rather matter of curious than of general interest.—*Spectator*.

From Chambers's Journal.
LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS.

THIRTY years ago, we remember Mr. Cyrus Redding as a youngish man, of gentlemanly appearance and address, fond of society, and qualified by his manners and conversation to take a prominent part in it. This, together with his literary tastes and capabilities, is sufficient to account for the contents of the book before us; by which we find that the author, in his progress through life, mixed much with the world, and possessed opportunities of seeing a good deal both before and behind the curtain. The present result is more a book of personal anecdotes than an autobiography; and the public appear to have applauded his judgment in making it so, for already we have the second edition of the work.*

Our author tells us that he was dandled on the knee of Howard the philanthropist, and that he saw Lord North, although unable now to recollect either. John Wesley he both saw and heard in childhood.

"A servant taking me out to walk, I saw him in a black gown, his long white hair over his shoulders, as in his portraits, at which I stared as at something wonderful. Children were clambering on the timbers, close to where I stood. On a sudden, he stopped in his discourse, turned round towards them, and called out in a clear, loud tone: 'Come down, you boys, or be quiet?'"

Another divine of eminence in America, called Murray, he likewise remembers; the same who received from his countrymen the sobriquet of Salvation Murray, to distinguish him from another of the same name styled Damnation Murray. Franklin preferred the doctrine of the former, remarking, that "it was more natural than otherwise that God should reconcile a lapsed world to himself."

When Mr. Redding had seen, as he tells us, "a score of summers," he set out for London, and in due time—19 hours to 84 miles!—arrived at Bath, and found it realise the descriptions we read in obsolete novels. The pump-room was too small for the crowd of fashion, and almost every house exhibited a hatchment. Quin called Bath "the finest place in the world for an old cock to go to roost in." Its merits, however, were more various, for it was choked up by the beau-

monde, who rushed thither to drink water and to dance, as well as to die.

"Among the distinguished individuals then in Bath, were William Pitt, and the overshadowed Lord Melville; the latter under the cloud of his impeachment. Pitt was rapidly sinking. The battle of Austerlitz, and defeat of the last coalition, pressed him to the earth. His desire was to be like his father, a great war-minister, without the experience and due appreciation of the difference of circumstances and times. His stamina were gone; Bath did him no good. Two or three bottles of wine a day ceased to stimulate, and he had constant recourse to large doses of laudanum.

"An official, in attendance at the House or Commons, used to be ready with a full beaker of port-wine when Pitt arrived. This he quaffed off nearly to the quantity of a pint before he entered. He would repeat the draught in the course of the evening. I have at this time a friend who knew the official, proud of relating the circumstance. The reaction of such a custom was inevitable. Care about self-esteem did not keep him politically honest. Did the consciousness of it lead him to wine, or was it pure love of the beverage? Perhaps it was neither—a stimulant had become necessary to a feeble stomach. His father was fond of port wine, and took it despite the gout.

"The sight of Pitt's person was not calculated to strengthen his cause with his youthful advocate, for such I was then. His countenance, forbidding and arrogant, was repellent of affection, and not made to be loved, full of disdain, of self-will, and, as a whole, destitute of massiveness; his forehead alone was lofty and good. He walked with his nose elevated in the air; premature age was stamped upon his haggard features. . . . As I recollect, he seemed nearly as tall as myself—in flesh, the merest scarecrow, which, perhaps, made him seem taller than he really was, having, by the use of alcohol, attenuated the muscular fibre."

It was later than this our author found Gravesend "a miserable little place," where he was charged five shillings for a biscuit and a glass of spirits and water. A companion, disapproving of the exorbitant profit, smashed stealthily half-a-dozen glasses on the side-board.

Mr. Redding's acquaintance with the author of *Lacon*, who is mentioned repeatedly throughout the book, commenced in this wise:—

"I was sitting alone expecting a summons to dinner one day, when the door of the

* *Fifty Years' Recollections, Literary and Personal, with Observations on Men and Things.* By Cyrus Redding. 3 volumes. London: Charles J. Skeet. 1858.

room opened, and, with little ceremony, a hard pallid-faced gentleman in black entered, and began :

" 'I have heard of you, sir; wished much to be acquainted; came from Tiverton; called to ask if you had seen one of my pamphlets,' handing over one; 'singular thing, sir.'

" 'Pray, sir, whom have I the honor of addressing?'

" 'My name, sir, is the Reverend Caleb Colton, Cambridge Fellow, curate of Tiverton.'

" 'Pray, sir, take a seat.' Here commenced my acquaintance with that singular personage, the author of *Lacon*. A first-rate scholar and shrewd thinker; most superstitious about spiritual appearances. His pamphlet related to the Sampford ghost, and most extraordinary things he stated as facts, and verbally re-affirmed. He talked of the church, of Horace, of his own poetry, of which he had a lofty idea, and of Dr. Johnson's opinion of spirits. In vain was dinner announced; he took no hint, and, being pleased with his conversation, I thought the best way was to ask him to take a share of what awaited myself. He jumped at the offer, and said it would prolong conversation. I remember there were ducks on the table, and that he dined off a very small portion of one of them. Of wine, no dean, 'orthodox in port,' could seem fonder in moderation. It was midnight before he departed. His conversation was scholastic and clever, mingled with the wonders of the ghost. He had sat up two nights, had found the bells of the house rung, had undone the wires, and still the mysterious sounds were heard. He had rushed with a light into the apartment, and counted five or six vibrations of a clapper while he looked on. He had listened to footsteps on the stairs, where nothing could be seen, and had been so convinced of supernatural agency, that he had made himself responsible for two hundred pounds, to be paid to the poor of the parish, if the thing should be proved an imposture. This was a great proof of his sincerity, as no man loved money more. It may be observed, that he was so credulous about ghosts, he would not walk home of an evening across his own churchyard, unless he was lighted by some one, and a little girl of ten years of age used to accompany him on such occasions, carrying a lantern. He gave me a pressing invitation to Tiverton, and quoted many lines from a poem he was composing called *Hypocrisy*.

" 'Now,' said he, 'do you think any lines of Pope are more euphonical than these?'

" His conceit at first surprised me, but seeing his weak side, I flattered him.

" 'Really they are good, and very like' —

" 'There, sir, I think these will convince you I can write verses of some merit.'

" His repetition was like a boy declaiming at a grammar-school; upon all other topics he was shrewd, informing, and agreeable. He laid bare a sophistry admirably, and when he felt he had succeeded, he indicated it by a peculiar twinkle from the corners of his cunning grey eyes, bespeaking his satisfaction. His cheek-bones were high, and his features denoted none of that intellectual power which he undoubtedly possessed, rather the result of labor than genius. He seemed in conversation as though his whole life had been devoted to controversial debate, and that he had employed all his time in detecting fallacies. His learning was great, his reading extensive, his memory retentive. He quoted from English, Greek, and Latin writers with great facility, when he wanted to illustrate any subject. His knowledge of the Scripture was apt and profound, yet he was careless in morals, selfish, reckless in conduct, and sceptical in his faith."

Mr. Redding was, of course, disappointed with the appearance of Madame de Staël; who, however, was "not ugly, but simply uninteresting and ordinary in feature, and somewhat heavy and rather full in person." The conversational talents of this remarkable woman are well known; but the practical distinction she drew between the English and German characters, in reply to a question of Mr. Redding, is as acute and as true as any thing of hers we have seen. "Asking her what she thought of the Germans, she replied in some respects they were mystics fond of the extravagant, because their rulers left them little else with which they could deal freely. They were not always exact reasoners, but that was an inconvenience under their circumstances which political amelioration would remove. They were baptised in theories, but might still put to shame the logical English, who spoke continually of Locke and reason, and obeyed custom. 'You do not take the trouble to test the soundness of your customs. The Germans are only at liberty to dream, but cannot act on their dreams.'"

The conversation of Dr. Wolcot at seventy-seven years of age was as racy as ever. As a physician, he seems to have been born a generation before his time. He outraged both the faculty and the people by permitting his fever patients to drink as much cold water as they pleased; he affronted and dis-

mayed the apothecaries by analysing their medicines; and he said to Mr. Redding with his heretical candor: "A physician can do little more than watch nature; and if he sees her inclined to go right, give her a shove on the back." When Wolcot was in Jamaica, the governor's sister asked him the news one morning, and he "told her that a cherub had been caught up in the Blue Mountains, and brought into the town.

"What did they do with it, my dear doctor?"

"Put it in a cage with a parrot."

"And what then, doctor?"

"In the morning, the parrot had pecked out both its eyes."

"You don't say so!"

Wolcot was the first patron of Opie, whom he brought forward in a very judicious manner. The young artist began with heads at 5s.; which increased to 10s. 6d.; and on returning, after his first painting expedition, with twenty guineas in his possession, "so wonderful was the sum in his unaccustomed eyes, that he first flung the money on the doctor's table in a sort of rapture, and then sweeping the coin all off upon the carpet, rolled himself over it, exclaiming: 'Here I be rolling in gold!'"

Among Mr. Redding's acquaintance was Catalani, whom he found "always the same elegant and amiable creature, with the same sweet simple smile, and modest manners." Through another acquaintance, an old lady less known, he heard of some of the celebrities of a former generation. "'Charles Churchill,' she observed, 'nobody could ever dream he was able to write such fine poetry, who knew him as well as I did. He was such a heavy, dull man, and had so little to say in company. He often dined with my father, and had a great name with the players.' Wilkes, she told me, generally came to her father's house with Churchill, and had all the conversation, having something to say to everybody and about every thing, but he was so ugly. . . . I found that Mrs. Kendal, for that was Miss Cotes's name by marriage, did not think much of her father's friend as a gentleman, though as a poet, the world, she said, was full of his praises."

Among the originals in this amusing cabinet, not the least interesting is M. Mentelle, a French mathematician. He was a handsome man of four or five and thirty, who lived in a

summer-house in a garden—a glazed room about ten feet square—which he occupied free of cost, giving a half crown lesson once a week to supply himself with food: "I entered his cell occupied by himself and his books, nearly to repletion, together with a long box or chest, in which were several blankets, and across it a plank, on which he was sitting, his feet and legs in the box for the sake of warmth, his back against the wall which received the sashes on both sides, some of which had a pane or two fractured, and mended with paper, on which I observed closely written Greek characters. Before him was a tilted board, which served him for a table, and by the side of the box, an old arm-chair, on which several folio volumes lay open, one upon another. From the ceiling, suspended by a rusty wire, just over his primitive table hung a piece of tin-plate bent into the form of a lamp, with a wick and oil in it. A small can stood in one corner, and in another, an earthen pitcher of water." This gentleman conversed fluently in Greek, Latin, English, Italian, German, and Arabic; and read various other tongues, including Chinese. He had travelled on foot all over the continent. "He was on intimate terms with the members of the French Institute, and the principle men of science in Paris; and a curious figure he cut walking with some of them arm in arm in a soiled flannel jacket and trousers, without stockings, through the fashionable Boulevards, as was often the case." Mr. Redding strongly advised the philosopher to abandon his cherished idea of coming to England, where poverty is only not as great a crime as robbery. "Your innocent sleep by the wood-side would be deemed a crime. The *juge de paix* would send you to prison for that alone, and, if money were found upon you, it would aggravate the offence. He would ask why you did not get a bed, if you were an honest man. He would say you were a beggar, or were hunting game. Your knowledge, if displayed, would be treated as an aggravation of your offence, 'for one who knew so much must be an idler, who would not work for his bread.' Do not come to England unless you have money, and a good coat."

Let us now call up Foscolo; for Mr. Redding, with great good taste, concerns himself only with the dead. "Foscolo lived at Moulsey, but had a lodging in Blenheim Street. There my introduction took place to this friend of Alfieri, well known as he was throughout

Europe. Foscolo, at the moment I entered the room, was under the hands of his barber, lathered to the eyes. The lower part of his face looked like the wood-cut of a monkey I had in an edition of Gay's *Fables*, when I was a boy. The upper part was fine, a good forehead, fine large gray eyes, his brow expansive, scanty sandy-colored hair, all, however, depreciated by the suds and napkin over his shoulders. He sputtered from his ample lips through the snowy froth: 'Sit down, my good friend; I have heard of you—we will talk presently.' His scraggy neck was bare, but amid all, his countenance was expressive of high genius. He was scrupulously neat in his person, and gentlemanly when he pleased. . . . His temper was his great failing; and he would too often disregard the exact truth in the relation of a fact, and thus get into a dilemma, and to get out of it, shew his quickness of feeling. . . . We used to play at chess together, when he would make a bad move, and flying into a passion with himself, tear off his hair by the handful. I therefore proposed that we should play no more, as it might lead to a personal quarrel. He said that he was sorry for it; he could not help quarrelling with himself, being so careless in his moves." Here is a poetical portrait of Foscolo by himself:

"A furrowed brow, intent and deep-sunk eyes,
Fair hair, lean cheeks, and mind and aspect bold!
The proud quick lip, where seldom smiles arise—
Bent head, and well-formed neck, breast rough and cold,
Limbs well composed; simple in dress, yet choice;
Swift, or to move, act, think, or thought unfold.
Temperate, firm, kind, unused to flattering lies,
Adverse to the world, adverse to me of old;
Oft times alone and mournful, evermore
Most pensive, all unmoved by hope or fear;
By shame made timid, and by anger brave;
My subtle reason speaks: but ah! I rave—
'Twixt vice and virtue hardly know to steer—
Death may for me have fame and rest in store!"

An amusing account is given of the indignation of a lady of the genus irritable, who was offered twelve guineas per sheet by the *New Monthly Magazine*, edited nominally by Thomas Campbell, but really by Mr. Redding. "To imagine that I should write on such terms," wrote Miss Mitford, "is ridiculous. I left off writing for the magazines generally because

sixteen was not enough, and in my letter to Mr. V—— was as clear as possible on the point: I especially said six guineas an article, long or short." These were the palmy days of the monthly magazines. How much do they pay now? The annuals, too, we remember—at least the first-class annuals—did not count the pages at all: they paid fifteen guineas per prose article. The contributions to the *Book of Beauty* were on a different footing: they were a homage to the fair editress, Lady Blessington, whose female contributors usually received an ornamental pen, or some other article of trifling value, as a return of courtesy.

Mr. Redding is not an out-and-out admirer of Lamb.

"Lamb's dislike of the country, born and bred in London as he was, seems rational enough; and from the same cause, his affection for ale and tobacco, attachments worthy of those who dislike flowers, kitchen-gardens, and love company, particularly low company. Lamb felt himself at home here. He owned, notwithstanding, that he had a delicacy towards sheep-stealing. Were not the Edinburgh Reviewers right—could such a man be a poet? His charming essays came from his own habitual feelings, and the peculiarities of his social habits, and were quaint, fruitful pictures of certain things allied with those habits. Poetry is a different matter, and more universal in its nature—at least, that poetry which confers a lasting reputation. A poet born, bred, educated, and continually resident in a great city, with none but urban associations, is like a stall-bred ox that never pastured. The map of Lamb's world, and that of his followers, extended from Hamstead to Camberwell, and from Brentford to Bow. They had heard, it was true, of other countries beyond those limits, which were the sojourn of the Troglodytes, whose heads grew beneath their shoulders, for all they knew or cared about them. Porter was their nectar; the tavern-board or the book-cleared table in chambers, the fresh lobster, and the toasted cheese at supper, a little discourse on their own theories, amid the incense of the Indian weed, and they were in their element. Lamb had not seen the 'wide' world. He had cherished his circumscription, and he was right if he liked it best. He was a kind relative, a good but peculiar man, but had no sympathetic rejoicings with wild wanderers. He was an original, radically of the city in his habits as well as literature. The Thames was his lake, not Bala or Derwentwater; the oozy beds of the coal-lighters on the fragrant borders of their opaque waters bathed his spirit. He loved the place of his nativity, and the

streets and dwellings that he had known so long. The dinginess of Fleet Street and the Temple was his precious *verd antique*. All this was natural, nor am I aware that he ever upbraided or envied those who expatiated more at large. His 'sect' died with him."

If we had room, we should be glad to quote a scene between Campbell and Professor Wilson. The former was talking with warmth of the tyranny of the Czar Nicholas in tearing away Polish children from their families; and Wilson contending in grave badinage that it was all an error arising from mistranslation; that the young Poles were really young pigs.

But we must have done; and we give Mr. Redding the last word: "Horace Twiss, with his grave countenance, who should have been

called single-speech, for he made but one good speech in parliament, was a sober and attentive man of business—his solemnity sometimes passing for extra wisdom. One day, going to see a friend in the Temple, I met him on the ground-floor. 'Come with me,' said he; 'Twiss is rehearsing; don't make a noise.' Horace had to be down at the house that evening. We peeped through the key-hole, hearing him practice, and saw him address the tongs, placed upright against the bars, as 'Mr. Speaker;' but we could not hear all the oration. The honorable member preserved wondrous gravity, and the tongs falling, said to himself: 'Ay, now the Speaker has left the chair.'"

AN ENTOMOLOGICAL ADVENTURER.—This moth (the "lobster moth") is very rare, the localities of its occurrence being nearly all in the south of England. I recollect an enthusiastic entomologist telling me once how he captured a specimen fluttering round one of the lamps on Clapham Common, and the dangers he incurred in the adventure. First, in order to have any chance of securing the prize, it became absolutely necessary to climb the lamp-post. When this had been effected, not without some damage to his knees and a good deal of exertion, he held on by the ladder-rut with his left hand, while with his right hand he made the best use of his hat, in which, after many unsuccessful sweeps, he had at last the satisfaction of making good his captive, and he slid down the iron post in triumph. He had scarcely reached the ground, however, when he found himself in the arms of a stalwart policeman; but he was at first too much absorbed to pay much attention to this interruption, and shaking himself free, all but his collar, which the policeman kept a firm hold upon, he proceeded to secure the treasure, and place it in his small collecting-case, which he always carried with him, regardless of the persistent questions of the policeman as to "what he meant by damaging the lamps?"—"what he was after?" and many other forms of interrogation in which the official continued to indulge. At last, just as he was depositing the case in his breast pocket, the policeman put his question either in a form more intelligible to the excited entomologist, or in a way that appealed more forcibly to the feelings just then in most powerful action. "What have you got there?" he said. This was a plain question, and to the point, for the entomologist well knew "what he had got there," and, with a smile of triumphant satisfaction, replied at once—"a lobster!"

This was deemed by the official a piece of impertinence not to be submitted to, and so he determined to take the lamp-breaker and his "lobster" to the station-house, and it was not till after considerable explanation that "58 G" allowed my entomological friend to depart in peace with his prize.—*The Butterfly Vivarium*.

THE NEXT NECESSITY OF THE AGE.—The umbilical cord which binds England to her American offspring having been successfully reunited, the mind impatiently yearns to forecast the consequences, and already the press, reflecting the public feeling, is calculating as rapidly as possible the new achievements in industry, in art, in science, in politics, which lie beyond.

One of the very first consequences of the triumph achieved by the Atlantic Company, it is not difficult to foresee, will be to create the necessity of a new cable, to be laid to this port. The practicability of such a work, we presume, is now demonstrated: the necessity for it, of course, needs no demonstration. Both termini of the present line are in foreign territory, and the controlling influence in the Company, very properly, is in English hands. It is proper that the city of New York should have its line also, and it is proper that the gentlemen who, by their persistent energy and sagacity in establishing electrical communication between this and the old world, have covered themselves with imperishable honor, should complete their task by laying a second cable as soon as possible from this port. The cable already laid can never do half the business that will offer; and instead of laying more cables between Ireland and Newfoundland, we trust the Company will anticipate any movement in other quarters by taking measures at once to meet the wants of this metropolis.—*Evening Post*, 9 Aug.

From The Economist, 17 July.

GOVERNMENT BY TELEGRAPH.

It is now becoming every day more evident that the electric telegraph will not only accelerate the action of Government machineries, but also in many cases materially modify the distribution of responsibility and power. Mr. Gladstone would scarcely have carried through the House of Commons the strange limitation which he introduced into the India Bill, on the prerogative attaching to the Governor-General as the representative of the Crown to employ the British army in India as he may think best, had not the House felt that by the help of the electric telegraph already laid down as far as Malta, and likely before long to reach to Government House in Calcutta, it would be possible to consult the home Government on general questions of practical importance without that long suspense which would, until lately, have utterly crippled the strength of our Indian executive. It becomes, therefore, a question of real interest what the influence of the telegraphic communication on our system of government will be—how far it will be purely advantageous, and how far it will bring with it new dangers which we must make up our minds to face, and by dint of caution and self-control to render as little productive of real evil as possible. We are all alive to the great advantages that will be gained,—we doubt whether we are at all equally alive to the great risks that will accompany them.

We think it is obvious that the one gain proper to the invention of the telegraph is the gain of speed, and the removal of all those difficulties and misunderstandings which a little mutual explanation at the earlier stages of a difference would prevent. And we believe, therefore, that our relations with foreign States, and, indeed, all relations in which the telegraph will only act to expedite communications that would in any case, sooner or later, certainly be made, are likely to gain much and incur no appreciable risk from the opening of telegraphic communication. No change will be made in these cases in the distribution of responsibility. Our ambassadors to foreign Governments are not responsible authorities. Lord Napier, for instance, on occasion of the recent prevailing excitement in the United States, could only give assurances of his own *belief* as to the intentions of Her Majesty's Government; and it is obvious that the electric telegraph would operate in such cases to bring the really responsible authorities into contact, and remove the disadvantages and uncertainties inseparable from a mediating diplomacy. Here the electric telegraph does its proper work. It may send only partial information: it may not put the Home Government into possession of all

the data for judging of the case which are at the command of the ambassador. But all that it does, it does to draw the *only* responsible authorities nearer together. It does not in any way supersede the authority or diminish the responsibility of a better informed and otherwise formally responsible Executive. It enables those without whom no decisive step can be taken, to act at an earlier and less complicated stage of any national controversy than would otherwise be possible. Thus far the telegraph is all gain. And it is obvious that this class of purely beneficial effects include very many of the results of uniting the Indian with the English Government,—all these for example which would enable the Governor-General to ask without delay for aid from home, or the Home Government to ask without delay for necessary explanations as to special matters of fact from India.

But when we come to that class of effects which the electric telegraph may produce in altering the distribution of power and responsibility, we come across risks of very considerable magnitude. It is obvious that the effect will be to diminish very considerably the responsibility of the Local Government of India, and to increase the uncertainty and hesitation with which it will act even in cases where there is no need to consult the Supreme Government. Already we see some foreshadowing of this class of dangers in the clause which Mr. Gladstone has carried triumphantly through the Commons, rendering it imperative on the Government to secure the previous sanction of the House of Commons for almost all declarations of war in India. Even though that clause should be rejected by the Lords, it will no longer be easy for the Governor-General to act for the benefit of India in wide measures of policy without asking himself how far the course he adopts will be likely to recommend itself to the uninformed judgment and sympathies of the English Parliament. He will no longer be able to act on his own best judgment with implicit assurance of support in all cases in which broad and flagrant error cannot be brought home to him. He will know that the telegraph takes home all kinds of rumors as to what he has done,—as to what he is going to do,—and as to his motives in doing it,—and his only defence against the fire of questions which these rumors are certain to provoke in the House of Commons, will be to secure the previous assent and support of Government to many courses of action on which in former times he would never have thought of consulting them. In this way it will probably become almost necessary for him to refer home many points which it would be otherwise unwise to refer to a distant authority at all. The circle of responsibility in

the Indian Governments will be much less defined,—their action more hesitating,—their motives for action more distracted by political considerations foreign to the real questions for discussion.

The difficulty has already been experienced in a very mild form in India itself. The telegraphic connection between Calcutta and the subordinate Presidencies has, we believe, given rise, in the case of the weaker Governors, to a troublesome habit of referring to the General Government for its immediate sanction to courses of action on which the General Government have no sufficient data to decide. But in India this habit is not likely to grow. It is disliked and discouraged in Government House, where there is business enough to transact without considering preliminary references on partial and inadequate data. Nor should we fear the growth of the same habit as between India and England, were there not in the House of Commons disturbing elements more than sufficient to encourage, and sometimes even justify, the habit we are now condemning. But as India is likely for many years to come to be the most important theme of political controversy in Parliament, it is only too certain that incomplete schemes of Indian policy—known only by partial rumor—will be brought before it, and that a see-saw of telegraphic communications between England and India, grounded only on these inadequate data, and affecting most prejudicially both the state of opinion in England and the course of action in India, will take place in consequence. The dangers to be apprehended in consequence are very distinctly definable. A course of Indian policy, we will suppose, must be entered upon at once, and without time for full communications with England. But with the dread of a disavowal from home, elicited by some general telegraphic rumor, and Parliamentary discussion thereupon, before his eyes, the Governor-General will not venture to enter on that course of policy without telegraphing for the approval of the Home Government. Of course he cannot communicate the data for deciding with any fulness, and the information that he does communicate will naturally be on the side to which his own judgment leans. And besides this, unless he be a Governor of a very strong character, his own decision will be more or less unconsciously influenced by the necessity of securing a full and easy sanction from home. Long and detailed discussions by telegraph will be utterly impossible,—if an easy sanction is to be gained, it must be to an easily defensible position. What is the result? In the first place, that most of our Indian Governors will henceforth lean far more than they ought to do, to the *prima facie*, English, view of

Indian politics—the view which would at once recommend itself to a Secretary of State as likely to be intelligible and acceptable to the House of Commons. In the second place, that the Home Government and the Indian Council will often be thus committed to its support of the Local Government before it has any full insight into all the conditions of the case, and will not be in a position to reconsider its judgment when the fuller details arrive and the various aspects of the question present themselves. In the third place, even where a principle or a policy is adopted by the Local Government without a previous reference home, the effect of telegraphic communication may still be felt in the mere *anticipation* of such premature and hasty discussions on the English House of Commons. There will be much danger that a strong Government in India, no longer considering itself wholly or solely responsible for its work, may begin to regard its authority as a sort of counterpoise to that of English Parliamentary opinion, and so to ignore its really judicial position. If this should unfortunately ever happen, the effect would be, that anticipating some check to his purposes before they were completed, through the influence of the House of Commons in consequence of the public information transmitted by telegraph to England, a resolute Governor-General of strong personal convictions might pay less regard to that side of the question which he might suppose to be unduly considered in England, making a fair allowance, as he would think, for the certain interference of the authorities at home when spurred on by Parliamentary questioners. In all these lights the one effect of telegraphic communications, that they would curtail the responsibility of the Local Government, either by inducing it to secure an (often worthless) imperial sanction for its acts, before it could transmit the full materials for judging of them, or by accustoming the official mind in India to look at its own authority as standing in some sort of rivalry to the Parliamentary mind at home, and so entitled to take a merely one-sided position,—would be most dangerous and even injurious.

We believe that the one great tendency of our modern English Government is to interfere too much with the individual responsibility of executive officers. Instead of keeping in view the great constitutional principle that executive officers should have full power, and should be checked only when errors or abuses are proved which warrant a demand for their resignation we are fast drifting into a policy of popular interference with the details of executive duties. Now for all practical purposes,—in relation at least to the English House of Commons,—the local Indian Gov-

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ernment should be treated as an Executive Government. The effect of telegraphic communication will be more and more to limit its responsibility, and to limit it in the very worst way, by hasty views formed on very partial and superficial information. The only remedy will be the exercise of resolute self-restraint in England,—on the part of independent members, who must feel it to be a duty not to assail the Government on the evidence furnished by mere telegraphic reports,—on the part of the members of the Government themselves, who should refuse to commit themselves to any view formed on the basis of such reports,—and most of all on the part of the Minister for India, who ought directly and strongly to discourage telegraphic reference to him on all subjects on which no adequate materials for judgment could be conveyed by telegraph.

Part of an Article in *The Spectator*, 7 Aug.
FUTURE RULERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

It is scarcely possible to refrain from putting the question, though it seems of but little use to do so, what is to be the history of next session in regard to the inter-action of parties and statesmen? Is her Majesty to have an Opposition or not? And by what possible combinations is the old balance to be again struck between two contending parties, by which alone the Ministerial responsibility, about which so much has been talked this session, can ever really be secured? At present, the Government of Lord Derby are irresponsible, because irreplaceable. It seems scarcely possible to frame beforehand any conception of the Parliamentary arrangement which shall supercede the difficulties thrown in the way of creating an opposition so organized in leading and following, as to give a choice to the House between the present Ministry and possible successors. If it were not that Lord Derby's Government had, in their short period of office, alienated from them the approval and sympathies of all those politicians who recognise character as an element in political power, the country would acquiesce in the continuance of the present state of things, hoping that, with the practice and responsibilities of office, weight of purpose and earnestness of action might be acquired by the Government. But the peculiar course which it has taken, altogether forbids the supposition of its continued and stable existence. It has already suffered some things, and pledged itself for next session to others, which will have the effect of breaking up the ranks of its own supporters, who have already given signs of a marked discontent, that cannot fail to have before long a great effect upon the progress of events. In fact, the only body in Parliament which still retains some-

thing of the signs of coherence is rapidly breaking up under the pressure of the times, and the future relations between Ministers and majorities are clouded with the deepest and most unfathomable uncertainty. The moral weight, the clear decision, the statesmanlike voice and presence, the bold initiative of strong yet prudent minds, which might furnish new rallying points for the scattered forces of Parliament, are entirely wanting. The sheep have no shepherd; those who have most insight into the working of existing evils preserve an impenetrable silence. In a word, the whole type of Government at the present moment is transitional and avowedly provisional. Two sources only are there now from which men will have to look for the restoration to our Parliamentary life, if it is ever to take place, of its old tone of vigor, and the introduction of stronger characters and more massive intellects.

In the first place, it seems likely that both Parliament and country will have to take lessons in the great school of events. The vessel of the state which now drifts, may drift on to rocks, and the stern wrestling with shipwreck will cause people to understand the perils of weakness, and produce a demand for strong men, which cannot but be satisfied, in a nation where there abounds so much of all the raw materials of greatness. The atmosphere of Europe is surcharged with political electricity; questions abound which can scarcely be solved without convulsions. Diplomats are assuming, and Queen's Speeches, perhaps, must echo the assumption, that clever manipulations at council-tables can eliminate the dangerous parts from these questions, and find some terms of compromise for them. But such problems as are raised by falling Turkey and rising Italy cannot be solved by any formulæ. Diplomats cannot galvanise Turkey into a life that will fulfil the ordinary duties of national existence; nor mesmerise Sardinia into a surrender of the principle which strikes at the very life of Austria. Important events must arise out of the effort to reconcile the irreconcilable, which will demand a different type of statesmanship in England. In this direction men who can distinguish between the settlement and the abeyance of moral questions, look with expectation not unmixed with a deep and almost devout seriousness for the rising of the clouds, from which will pour down rains to remove the drought, and make the green grass grow again on the sandy arid political desert of England.

But there is another, more direct, less speculative field of expectation to which men must also now turn their attention and their actions. It is abundantly clear by this time that the political energies and capacities of

the higher and middle classes of the country, of those who, by the possession of the suffrage, tell upon the action of Parliament, are no longer sufficient of themselves to give due direction, in principles, and in leading men, to the politics of England. It is, indeed, now a serious question whether the social and commercial ease, which is so largely and happily enjoyed by those classes, does not operate as a disqualification for that strong, steady interest in national affairs, which, except in the first flush of national purity, in what may be called the holy infancy of states, is felt only by the few wise or the many suffering. It is thought by many, that there exists in the artisan class of this country more of that serious, steady, though it be comparatively uncultured thought and desire, which gives tone and determination to the action of states, and preserves them from the decay that follows close on such frivolity as marks the whole length and breadth of the existing political scene. In that opinion we are being driven, by the stress of events, by the breakdown of the foremost men, and the silence of supposed coming men to share. But if it be true, a large and liberal measure of suffrage extension may yet prove the most conservative of measures; and if the argument be of any use to Lord Derby in dealing with refractory country gentlemen and Peers who may not like the Reform Bill of next session, should he introduce a real one, we make his lordship a present of it with all our hearts. At least it is the only one by which he can justify his hand in being the agent for carrying such a measure. If he succeed in persuading the classes who at present monopolize the political power of the state that its honor and its safety require that their privileges should be shared by those who

"Grind among the iron facts of life,
And have no time for unrealities."

he will do good service; for assuredly the thing seems true. To our minds it is now a question whether of those two influences to which we look for the corrective of the present negative politics of England, the storm of great European events, or the redistribution of political power at home, the one will move faster than the other. That the country is advancing to new and untried forms of political being and fields of political action is clear. There is a vast mass of social and moral power which is not represented in the action of the state. England bears none of the signs of a decaying nation. The times are quiet, and the sense of her responsibility is for the moment weak. But she has the noblest race in the world to draw upon; and the foremost position in the world to retain. And be it sooner or later, she will find better

men and a healthier political life, through which to work out her destinies.

From The Economist, 7 Aug.
FRENCH REFLECTIONS ON THE CHERBOURG MEETING.

WE have already intimated why we look with little satisfaction on those renewed efforts at confidential personal relations between the Governments of England and France which have ended in the Royal meeting at Cherbourg. We believe that they tend to diplomatic relations between the two Governments quite artificially close and intimate, not warranted by the real relation between the two countries, which is friendly but not cemented by political sympathy, and liable, therefore, to such sudden and unpleasant rupture as we saw in the early part of the present year; consequently, we are quite unable to see in the Cherbourg festivity, and are still further from seeing in the practical occasion for it, that guarantee for permanent peace on which the official and semi-official French organs dilate with so much enthusiasm. The *Patrie*, in a recent article on the subject, gives some reasons for congratulation which, when examined, only seem to us to demonstrate still more strongly the artificial character of these enthusiastic international rejoicings. "England," says the *Patrie*, "is justly proud of her naval power. For a long time there was none to counterbalance it. We do not hesitate to say that it was a misfortune to the whole of Europe, and perhaps, also, a danger for Great Britain itself. Ambition without a curb is always attended with danger. . . . If Napoleon I. had possessed a navy equal to his army, the peace of Amiens would not have been broken so suddenly, and we should have been spared fifteen years of terrible warfare. The struggle he had to maintain, and for which so much blood was shed, is to be attributed to the fact that the naval force of France was not in proportion to her military force. Napoleon saw this with his prompt and sure glance when he visited Cherbourg, and ordered by a decree, signed with his own hand (April 15, 1803), the construction of the works which have been just completed." This is a strange assertion, and unfortunately draws attention to the real grounds of mutual complaint which caused the rupture of the peace of Amiens,—grounds so obviously originating in the political repulsions arising from the essential character of the two Governments—and grounds so closely resembling the recent differences between France and England,—that they at once convince us that no efforts to keep up the appearance of confidential sympathy can overcome, though they may greatly aggravate, the inherent antagonism between the opposite

principles embodied in the political organisation of the two countries. There is no occasion for—and we should be the first to deplore—any thing but friendliness between England and France, but with political systems so rootedly opposed, the chance of actual quarrel becomes greater instead of less with every increase in the confidential and personal intimacy of their relations. What now were the grounds on which the peace of Amiens was broken? The very first demand made by Bonaparte on England after the peace of Amiens was, “that His Majesty’s Government will adopt the most effectual measures to put a stop to the unbecoming and seditious publications with which the newspapers and writings printed in England are filled;”—and that certain individuals specified “should be sent out of the island of Jersey.” Now are these complaints of a kind which the possession of a powerful navy by the French is in any way likely to cure? Or are they rather so deeply rooted in the opposite constitutional systems of the two Governments, that they have been this very year, and are likely to be as long as that constitutional antagonism lasts, perpetually recurring, to the great discomfort of confidential allies? Again, the first counter-complaint urged by England through her Ambassador (Lord Whitworth), against France immediately after the peace of Amiens, was to the effect that, contrary to the treaty, the First Consul had interfered arbitrarily in some of the free States of the Continent, to which Bonaparte replied, “I suppose you mean Piedmont and Switzerland. *Ce sont des bagatelles.*” Here, again, looking to the arbitrary and most menacing French note addressed to Switzerland in January last on the subject of the refugees harbored there,—have we not some reason for saying that the grounds which caused the rupture of the peace of Amiens had nothing whatever to do with the preponderating naval influence of England, but, so far as they had any cause beyond the personal ambition of the First Consul, were rooted in that natural opposition which existed then and still exists between the constitution of a free and of a despotic Government?

In a word, it is a mere chimera that the naval preponderance of England has ever been a cause of war between England and France. The causes which were so productive of mutual irritation under the first and under the third Napoleon, have ever been the same,—the sympathy of England with the free Governments of the Continent, and the protection her constitution affords to the dangerous exiles from foreign despotisms. We certainly do not see that these causes of irritation can be removed by any naval equality between the two kingdoms, and therefore we see nothing in the ultimate results of the for-

midable works at Cherbourg calculated to counteract the very unpleasant associations with their origin, caused by the expressed purposes of the great man who planned them. There is little reason to fear evil results, and still less to anticipate good results. The motive for English congratulations must, therefore, be limited to a desire to conciliate the French Emperor, and to render an alliance, already too close, more confidential still. And we believe this to be a mistake which our Government will one day see good reason to regret.

From The Saturday Review 17 July.
CHERBOURG.

THE five-and-thirty years which elapsed before 1851 were distinguished from any preceding period of general peace by the cordial and unsuspicious intercourse which, on the whole, prevailed among nations. For this honorable characteristic the period in question is indebted to the number of free Constitutions which existed in Europe. Every Government knew exactly when there was reason for alarm, and when there was excuse for security, simply because the affairs of the greatest commonwealths in Europe were always freely discussed in the face of day by their journals and Parliaments. The system of peaceful diplomacy which prevailed differed wholly from that which dishonored the century preceding. When all the nations of the Continent except one or two insignificant Republics were controlled by hereditary despotisms, it was thoroughly understood that the profoundest sleep of peace might have a waking in war. Frederic the Great systematically plotted his attacks for the moment when his destined victims were lapped in security, and his enemies learned from him the grievous example. But the great pacification of 1815 endowed Europe with some great free States, whose mode of managing their policy put an end to such calamitous surprises. Kings had to feel the pulse of their subjects before they compromised them in the heaviest of all national misfortunes. During this process the whole brewing of the storm, from the cloud like a man’s hand to the heaven black with clouds and wind, was open and visible to the civilized world. States had time to wrap themselves round with defences; the strength of each rival was clearly ascertained before the crisis; and the result always was that repentance came in time, and the sky of Europe again grew bright.

The re-establishment of despotism in France has thrown us back on the fears, jealousies, and suspicions of the eighteenth century. Once again we do not know what a cordial alliance means. The world has not the slightest idea what symptoms are menacing, and

what are reassuring. The French journals are worthless for international purposes. The most delicate and considerate compliments, and the most acrimonious philippics, are alike valueless to the observer. One week of a free Parliament, one day of a free press, one hour's genuine audit of the Imperial budget, would set at rest almost every doubt which Englishmen feel; but short of this, they know that all inquiry into the designs of our neighbor must be the merest guesswork, and that worst of all guesswork which strives to penetrate the springs of action in a single human being. If we were merely engaged in a study of character, we might be at liberty to see much in the emperor of the French that is reassuring. He does certainly seem to have carried with him from England some respect and regard for English idiosyncrasies. He appeared to enjoy the popularity which attended his visit to the Queen. And one may reasonably believe that his freedom from some of the ordinary weaknesses of his subjects opens his eyes to the fact that the long-enduring, long-remembering animosity of Great Britain is one of the most terrible dangers which a nation or a dynasty can call up. But then, it must be again and again repeated, he is the author of the *coup d'état*. They too who suffered by that catastrophe imagined that they understood his character. M. Leon Faucher, one of the honestest men in France, pledged his word that Louis Napoleon was sincere. M. Thiers, one of the shrewdest men in Europe, all but publicly declared that he was a fool. But he lived to deceive them both. M. Faucher died of chagrin at having been made an unwitting accomplice in a conspiracy against freedom; and M. Thiers has recently written of the man whom he despised with a respect which promises to slide gradually into adulation.

The paucity of data for estimating the proximity or remoteness of war is the real cause of the uneasiness which has been caused in England by the armament of Cherbourg. We all feel that no assumptions as to the Emperor's habits of mind can be allowed to stand against the great fact of this gigantic arsenal. The *Moniteur de la Flotte* is not required to tell us that Cherbourg is "the result of the long-continued rivalry between the two nations." We all know that. We know that it was conceived to threaten England, founded to threaten her, and carried to completion as a standing menace against her. Everybody who can find Portsmouth and Plymouth on the map can find Cherbourg also, and can tell what it is meant for. For all time to come there will be a great naval port fronting our coasts, with marvellous docks, fortifications like those of Sebastopol, and a railway which, at a day's notice, can crowd it

with soldiers and sailors. We look at this, and we have nothing to neutralize the impression it produces, except the paradox of a French official writer, to the effect that the completion of Cherbourg naturally accompanies the extinction of the ancient rivalry which created it. Turn it how we may, the armament of Cherbourg is an unfriendly act. It is unfriendly, because it drives a Power, careful of its safety, and not too spiritless to wish for something more than safety, to multiply, strengthen, and renew its defences. It is unfriendly, because it necessarily puts us to the cost of a Channel fleet. It is unfriendly, because the Emperor, whatever be his own designs, can give no guarantee against the uses to which a successor may put a colossal instrument of attack. The invitation to our own Sovereign to attend the inauguration of these great works may be some reason for thinking that no immediate aggression is intended; but, in truth, it was the conspicuous unfriendliness of the step which had been taken that rendered such an invitation necessary to mask and dissemble it. In short, whatever may be the Emperor's real objects and intentions, he has clearly left us no alternative but to provide for all contingencies; and we trust that our rulers will see the prudence and necessity of immediately placing such a fleet in the Channel as may be adequate, under any conceivable circumstances, to the effectual protection of our coasts.

From The Press, 31 July.

HAIL! BRITISH COLUMBIA!

By a series of circumstances we cannot look on as fortuitous, England is called upon to consider the noble and heroic work of plantation. Until recently colonies have been regarded as mere imposthumes upon the State, the consequence, it was alleged, of an evil or overfull habit of body. Mr. Cobden and other reducing operators have from time to time, strenuously recommended the excision of these unprofitable appendages, assuring the friends of the Constitution that an operation was absolutely necessary—that it might be rendered painless if not agreeable by a mode of insensibility peculiar only to themselves,—and, moreover, that the relief would be like getting rid of any debt, national or otherwise, but which at present they did not press, quite surprising. Somehow or other, in spite of this pleasant moral doctrine, England did not detach her colonies. She found them a convenient outlet for a good many hot and rebellious humors. Legislation was chiefly interested, and rather perplexed, about the easiest and best mode of getting rid of her waste population, and was grateful, meanwhile, to any portions of that population who got rid, in any way they thought most convenient, of her

or of themselves. Annually from our impoverished lands and seething towns is discharged across the Atlantic a turbid human current, with as little national care or foresight as we turn every day into the Thames some thousands of tons of sewage. The one may come back to us in the form of cholera, and the other revisit us in the form of war, but we did not make ourselves uneasy with any such contingency; our anxiety was not for the future, but for the present.

A large and steady demand for the skins of beaver and fox and opossum setting in throughout Europe, it was thought necessary to confer exclusive power and privileges on a Company, in order to keep a large tract of country in a state of thorough idleness, and, through the necessities of fur and the peculiarities of luxury and climate, to bar the inroad of civilization. Strange as the incident may appear, it is no less an historical fact. For two centuries the Hudson's-bay Company have occupied a vast territory, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in extent almost as large as Europe, and have there done their best to preserve foxes and beavers. We do not think that any blame ought to attach to the Hudson's-bay Company. The fur-bearing animals were a sort of final cause to it; in fact, it was a society of trappers and traders *feras defendere nata*, since the days of the Merry Monarch. The Company has done so for 150 years, and might have done so for 150 years longer if it had not been for the "accident" of gold. That powerful metal is likely to open the Hudson's-bay territory, 400,000 square miles of which appear not to have been meant for fur-bearing animals and a fur-seeking Company exclusively as much as for mankind in general. Opposite political luminaries are in bland conjunction on this point. Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Gladstone are agreed that the old signs of the Hudson's-bay Company, "No Thoroughfare" and "No Admission on any Kind of Business," should be removed, and an eager and industrial immigrant world admitted. The debate upon the Bill for giving a political organization to the new gold district, and the subsequent discussion upon Mr. Roebuck's resolutions respecting the privileges of the Hudson's-bay Company, are full of significance. On both occasions the new Colonial Secretary handled the matter in a spirit of wise and large statesmanship. Without committing himself to Mr. Roebuck's resolutions, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton indicated the policy of the Government with respect to the present occupiers and the aboriginal possessors of the soil in words no less significant than they were eloquent:—

"It is my sincere wish and hope that arrangements may be effected in a spirit of rea-

sonable conciliation to all parties concerned, and that we may thus lay the foundation of a civilized community upon the principles of humanity towards the red men, and of honor and honesty towards the white, which our civilization should carry with it, wherever it extends, as the colonizers of old carried along with them a fragment of their native earth, and a light from the altar of their council-hall."

Upon these broad and somewhat old-fashioned principles, a Bill has been introduced, and has passed a third reading in the House of Lords, for the organization of a colony upon which her Majesty has been pleased to confer the title of British Columbia. The Bill provides for the infant colony what colonies in a state of infancy, surrounded by rather wild and boisterous neighbors, have most need of—the tutelage of a strong executive government. It is, in fact, a Bill to obviate the necessity of a Vigilance Committee, or the establishment of a Band of Regulators, or any other popular mode of provisional government. The Bill creates a governor for four years, to be intrusted with full and absolute powers, dependent, however, upon the will of the Crown, who may, if it think fit, at any time establish a freer government and more liberal institutions. Power is also conferred upon the Crown at any time, upon the joint address of the two Houses of Vancouver's Island, to annex that island to the new colony. Thus the nucleus of a group of colonies has been formed, in which we may see, as Sir Edward Bulwer forcibly expressed it, "a rampart against any hostile inroads from the American frontier, and an essential arch, as it were, to that great viaduct by which we hope one day to connect the harbors of Vancouver with the Gulf of St. Lawrence." Part of this unsettled territory has been offered to Canada, and in the event of her refusal to avail herself of it, such part of the fertile tract which seems to invite the labors of men and oxen we shall at once take into our own hands, groove with railroads, and intersect with canals, leaving only the colder part of the earth to the allotted work of the Hudson's-bay Company, and to be a hunting-ground for red men—"a portion for foxes."

British Columbia at present is as full of motley contrasts as California was ten years ago. There is a universal "stampede" northward. The streets of San Francisco "are alive with red, blue, and grey-shirted men, ranging about in squads with picks, shovels, pans, blankets, and primitive little rockers on their shoulders." The roads over the Rocky Mountains, thronged with stages and waggon's, with battalions of wild, ruffianly fil-

busters on horseback and muleback, present an appearance similar to the retreat of a South American army. Twelve thousand persons have quitted San Francisco in six weeks, and amongst them we are informed, "men the most inveterate and pertinacious of all, newspaper men, are leaving in great numbers." The Pacific is unpacific with lines of colossal steamers and clippers, and the *Surprise*, a fine Yankee sea-going steamboat, has made its way 150 miles up the Frazer River. To this new child of civilization which has come into the world with a gold ladle in its mouth, we say, with the best wishes for its growth in English enterprize, speech, and religion—"Hail! British Columbia!"

From The Press.

THE REFLUX FROM ROME.

WHEN the Irish Union was first proposed by William Pitt, there was much curiosity to know what were the feelings of King George III. in relation to that measure. In those days Mr. George Banks was a favorite and confidential friend of the King; and Mr. Wilberforce records in his Diary that he asked Mr. Banks, "What did the King think of the Union with Ireland?" and he received for an answer, "If the measure will be for the good of the Church, his Majesty is not disinclined to it; but if it will be for the disadvantage of the Church, the King will not be favorable to it." The strong Protestant instincts of the King told him that some serious inconveniences, and even possible dangers, might be anticipated from the legislative junction of a country where the Roman Catholics were in a majority with a nation in which they were little more than a fraction of a sect. Whatever might be the political or commercial advantages of the Union with Ireland, it was obvious that such a measure would give the Roman Catholics a formidable *locus standi* in the Imperial Legislature; and accordingly we have seen England agitated profoundly in its domestic politics by the constant recurrence of the perpetually-changing "Catholic Question," and the Notice-book of the House of Commons shows that we are as far off as ever from arriving at any termination of this subject. Whether we like it or not,—whether we are tired of it or otherwise,—the Roman Catholics will not allow us to be quiescent, and it will be absolutely necessary not to overlook the peculiar strategy which they have now adopted.

Last week, in our first leading article, we descanted on the laxity and indefinite belief, and on the "no-principle of the age." We were referring, of course, to the state of opinion in England considered socially and politically. We observe that our remarks

have received extensive circulation even amongst "Liberal" organs which seldom copy from our columns. All that we there said will appear in stronger relief, on observing how little obnoxious to the charge of "Indifferentism" are the adherents of the Church of Rome. Never were its members showing more zeal and personal earnestness than now. Amongst them there is no tendency "to give up," "to merge all distinctions," "to assume ambiguous designations," or to shrink from committing themselves in an "out-and-out" style. The contrast between the intensity and organized zeal of the Roman Catholics and the "open-question" system of languid Protestants is painful to contemplate.

We do not desire to indulge in hackneyed cries, or to repeat the gloomy vaticinations of former periods. We wish to look at facts as they come before us, and to illustrate their operation. We said last week, that "Whoever studied carefully the flux and reflux of opinions that has been going on of late years must be convinced that all principles are undergoing a process of solution which betokens some approaching state of transformation." No sooner have means been given for squeezing the Jews into Parliament, than the Irish ex-Attorney-General of the Whigs gives notice for a new "Catholic Relief Bill," and proposes to make all oaths uniform. It is noteworthy that the Roman Catholics of England and Ireland had committed the question into the hands of Mr. Sergeant Deasy, but it is now to be transferred to Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald, who is a Privy Councillor, and who has already held the highest Crown office in Ireland. Yet this question of abolishing the Oath of 1829 is only put forward as a means of uniting the English and Irish Roman Catholics, and giving them a joint ground for political action. Lax and indifferent as is the spirit of the period, we cannot suppose that the Roman Catholics believe that Parliament will remove the constitutional security devised in 1829. That security is no safeguard in itself against the secret machinations of the Church of Rome, but it is of priceless value as giving (as it were) a clause of interpolation to the Bill of 1829. "Emancipation" was asked for by Burke, Grattan, and their followers, as being likely to be beneficial to Protestantism; and the Oath in its present form was imposed upon the Roman Catholics with their own full and free consent. Such an oath, of course, should not be tampered with now. But on this special question we shall enlarge at another time.

What we desire to fix attention upon now is, the peculiar *modus operandi* of the Roman Catholic party. It is a skilful and ingenious plan to raise questions, under plausible pretexts, with a view to ulterior aims. Did any

one suppose that O'Connell really believed that he could repeal the Union? No! The great Agitator inscribed that question on his banner, but his real object was to make a great Democratic and Roman Catholic party, to free it from the territorial influences of the Devonshires, the Lansdaownes, the Donoughmores, and other aristocratic connections, which, though "Liberal," had served in some degree to check and counterpoise the violence and extravagant zeal of the Roman Catholic commonalty. O'Connell completely succeeded in his real, but not in his nominal, aim. The Union has not been repealed, but, owing to the policy followed by O'Connell and his friends the composition of the Irish representative body is entirely different from what it would have been but for the agitation of the Repeal cry.

Now, again, a similar stroke of policy is designed. The fact cannot be ignored that the English and Irish Roman Catholic gentry have never assimilated well together. The Howards, Petres, Dormers, Langdales, Stourtons, Constables, Blundells, of the English Roman Catholics are a proud, sensitive, and most exclusive body. They are something more than a class; they are almost a caste. They have long pedigrees, and weighty purses. They have splendid parks and grand country mansions, and they live in pomp and style. In their social tone they affect not a little of the habits of the mediæval *grands seigneurs*. Shy, fastidious, and high bred, it is not wonderful that this connection should recoil from the tone and language too often exhibited by the upstart declaimers of their co-religionists in Ireland. The English Roman Catholics never joined in the cry for "Repeal," and they often had to endure much vituperation from the demagogues of Ireland; and this diversity of tastes and discordance of views has made the Roman Catholic connection in the empire less formidable than it otherwise would have been.

But the heads of the Church of Rome have now resolved to join and amalgamate closely the aristocracy of the English with the democracy of the Irish Roman Catholics. No better subject could be devised than the question of the Oath for bringing about a junction between those bodies, and so that the union between them is obtained, the Roman Catholics can afford to wait for future triumphs. Simultaneously with this object it has been dexterously determined to bring the whole ecclesiastical working of the Roman Church (in this realm) into close obedience to the authorities at Rome. The English Roman-

ists were formerly adherents to the Gallican views on the Papacy; they adopted the tenets of Bossuet with regard to the rights of National Churches. They had formerly amongst themselves a "Cisalpine Club," into which Irish Catholics found it extremely difficult to obtain membership. They have now established what is called a "Stafford-street Club," which might be named an "Ultramontane Club." Gallicanism, now-a-days, is almost extinct amongst the Roman Catholics of this empire.

Having united the laity at large in closer connection with Rome, another object of the Court of Rome is to withdraw the Irish secular clergy from politics, and to render the parish priests subservient to a severer discipline than has heretofore prevailed. There are dioceses now in Ireland in which a Roman Catholic priest is not allowed to indulge in social pleasures (of an entirely harmless kind) with the same freedom as formerly. The Church remains as political as ever, but the priests are desired to give up haranguing on politics, and leave matters of State to their ecclesiastical superiors; and along with this change the system of domestic nomination is practically overturned, and the bishops of some dioceses that have recently been vacated have been named at Rome. Archbishop Cullen himself was chosen specially at Rome, and his appointment was the precursor of great changes. If one was to judge by newspapers and by the reports of public meetings, the action of the Church of Rome has become much less than in preceding times, but in reality it has become more. "Repeal of the Union" is not now shouted for by priests; seditious speeches are not now heard, or offensive language about "England's difficulty being Ireland's opportunity." But it would be a most egregious error to suppose, because Agitation and "Young" and "Old Irelandism" have vanished, that therefore the Church of Rome in this empire has become less zealous, and less fertile in schemes for furtherance of her power. The reverse is exactly the case.

We write in no alarm on this subject, and we would wish that language of exaggeration should be avoided. The Pope gained by Cardinal Wiseman's aggression. Lord John Russell mismanaged the politics of a mighty crisis, and forty Irish Roman Catholic M.P.'s became the arbiters between political parties in England. The Papal influence has become a disturbing one in our English political system. Pitt left office in 1802 on this "Catholic question;" Fox lost his popularity by

espousing it; and the overgrown power of the Grenvillites was deposed on account of their patronage of the Papal cause. The Liverpool Cabinet was weakened by it from 1812 to 1827, and in 1829 the great Tory party was destroyed by it. So, also, the Reform party lost its hold on the affections of England by the Lichfield-house compact with the Pope and his friends. Again the old subject is forced upon public attention; and from the course taken by the Parliamentary leaders of the Roman Catholics, as well as from other causes, a cry of "No Popery" is likely to

burst up suddenly from the mass of the nation. We do not believe in the utility of "cries," unless there be fixed, steady, and permanent adherence to *principles*. To know the danger; and to see clearly whence it proceeds, are good preparatives for future action. The nation was deceived in 1851. What was gained against the Pope in 1851 by the Declaratory Act against illegal episcopal titles, was lost by the Coalition between the Peelites and the Pope's supporters in 1852.

LIFE OF MARY ANNE SCHIMMELPENNICK—"DREAM STORY."—(To the Editor of the "Examiner.")—Sir, This story, with variations, appeared several years ago, when it attracted the notice of the late Rev. Thomas Jervis, who was the preceptor of the Hon. M. Petty at the same time that Dr. Priestley was nominally librarian to his father, then Lord Shelburne; and I have now before me a pamphlet by him, entitled "Remarks in Refutation of an Extraordinary Story of a Supernatural Appearance, related by the Rev. Richard Warner, F. A. S., in his 'Literary Recollections,' p. 21, London: R. Hunter, 1852." in which Mr. Jervis distinctly declares that he had "never heard of any such occurrence till now; no distant rumor, not even a whisper of the kind ever reached him even by the hearing of the ear, till pointed out by a friend within a few months past in Mr. Warner's late publication," p. 13. I have carefully looked through Dr. Priestley's memoirs and correspondence, and find not the slightest reference whatever to any such extraordinary occurrence. Possibly what Mr. Jervis writes respecting the clergyman on whose authority Mr. Warner gave this story, may apply (*mutatis mutandis*) to the lady in whose memoirs it reappears with variations. "Of great worth and respectability, of various and extensive information; . . . but those who knew him best, and respected him most, will allow that the ardor and enthusiasm of his nature predisposed him to entertain some visionary and romantic notions on supernatural appearances." pp. 9, 10. I am still inclined, Mr. Editor, to regard this and many other such "stories," rife enough since Mr. Jervis published his pamphlet, as amongst the old "wives' fables," which a venerable authority warns us to "refuse."—Respectfully yours, SAMUEL BACHE. Edgbaston, 26th July, 1858.

LUTHER had, unfortunately, all the defects of the race to which he belonged. His was, undoubtedly, a great heart and a noble mind. Before the Diet of Worms he displayed invincible courage. Moreover, he was profoundly imbued

with all the generous hatred which the old Germans entertained of Roman domination, whether under a political or religious form; but he was completely under the sway of the mystic tendencies which characterise the genius of the German people. He was entirely preoccupied with the problems of the inner life. I should add that the monastic restraint through which he had so much suffered, had left a world of phantoms in his imagination. Like Joan d'Arc, Francis d'Assise, and Ignatius Loyola, he was subject to frequent hallucinations. Science has triumphantly demonstrated that the highest intelligences are not exempt from this sad infirmity. Socrates and Pascal may be cited in proof. The most absurd legends of Saxony were adopted by Luther with singular credulity. He imagined that he held theological disputations with Satan, wherein, by the by, the fallen archangel displayed a most lamentable ignorance of logic. The Reformer's struggles against these visions, exhausted his strength and his courage, and more than once his health severely suffered therefrom. Whilst he was a prey to the anguish of these internal combats, Munzer organized the terrible insurrection of the peasantry. The democratic feeling, which Luther all but ignored, burst forth on all sides. Luther was indignant, and instead of taking up a social reform, the necessity of which was but too apparent, he called down on the oppressed multitude the anger of the barons. Every idea of political regeneration was stifled in torrents of blood.—*Switzerland the Pioneer of the Reformation.*

DIAMONDS.—A diamond is a diamond, though you shall put it on the finger of a beggar. Only that on the finger of a beggar nobody would believe it to be a diamond. Does not mendicant genius every day offer the "precious jewel in its head" for sale, and yet, because the holder is mendicant, does not the world believe the jewel to be of no value? Men have died with jewels in their brains; and not until the men were dead were the gems noticed to be of the true water.—*Jerrold.*

THE WEAVER.

MAIDEN fair!

With those tender dreamy eyes,
Art thou pondering what to wear,
To match the jewels in thine hair—
A gorgeous robe of many dyes,
To gleam and glisten in the sun,
With inwoven threads of gold
That melt in colors one by one,
As thy stately movements mould
To an antique grace the fold?

Gentle one!

For thy youth it were more meet
To wreath fresh blossoms, that the sun
With many a golden glance has won
To open wide each chalice sweet;
But if thou still hast set thine heart
On braided hair and brodered vest,
Come, look behind the veil of art,
Behold the aching toil and smart
That wrought the tire thou lovest best!

The tiny worm whose curious toil
First spun each soft and silken line,
Those small twin threads, so bright and fine
In wondrous order all combine

To make his cradle and his tomb.
He weaves his silken winding-sheet,
With patient skill, compact and neat,
And dies to feed the hungry loom.

Gaze on that complicated loom,—
Vast offspring of a mighty brain,—
Where mimic buds and blossoms bloom,
That only lack the rich perfume

To match their kindred of the plain.
See on its fabric deft outspread
Each rainbow-hued and silken thread;
The living colors gleam and glow,
And into life and beauty grow,
As the thin dextrous fingers throw
The shuttle across the loom.

Ill suits that splendid vesture, rolled
So orderly upon the loom,
With the poor garments, thin and old,—
With that mean bed and squalid room.

Its maker, save upon its fold,
Knows little of a rose's bloom;
Nor how the merry violets spring
So thickly o'er the grassy sod,
Where, soaring on a joyous wing,
The lark pours forth its lays to God.

Look on that gaunt and weary frame,
By constant toil so stooped and bent,
With labor worn, and hunger spent,
Till life sinks low—a flickering flame.
His eyes are weary of the shine
Of those bright hues; his fingers ache,
As swift but painfully they make
The delicate web of silken twine.

And in his symbol you may see
The poet's frequent destiny.
His sweetest and most touching strain
May soothe the heart, and ease the brain,
While springing from his own deep pain.
The ballad dear to cot and hall,
By better accents sung,
Linked with our happiest memories,

From bitterest tears was wrung;
He only from whose heart it came
Can scarcely bear to hear its name.
The sparkling web of fancies wrought,
Of brilliant wit, or deepest thought,
That roused the eager pulse of youth
To battle for the cause of truth;
That cry was like th' expiring light
That leapt to life so strong and bright,
Ere quenched in shades of deepest night.
The love that on his accents hung,
That prized his every word,
Turned shuddering from the light, that flung
A flickering radiance as it clung
To hope and strength deferred:
Not with impunity the soul
Thus to its depths is stirred;
In that song's pathetic echo rung
An undertone unheard,—
A fitful and a failing breath,
That to love's ear spoke naught but death.
And yet the heedless world laughs on,
And cheers each sound of mirth,
That brightens many a social hour
Around the happy hearth.
Nor dreams that gay and sportive tone
Has left—how desolate!—his own.
How many Christmas hearths are bright
With all the poet's fancies light,
While his is dark with more than night.

O, dearly prize the song and tale
That cheer your lonely hours;
But sometimes cast a grateful thought
On those, whose painful toil has wrought
Your tapestry of flowers!

FRANCES FREELING BRODERIP.

—National Magazine.

INDIA.

A nephew of George Canning wrote a remarkable poem, under the title of "India," some four and twenty years ago. The writer had enjoyed many advantages for studying the native character,—and he sums up the result of official experience at Delhi, Bareilly, and Cawnpore in the following lines:—

There needs but some surpassing act of wrong
To break the patience that has bent so long;
There needs but some short sudden burst of ire
May chance to set the general thought on fire;
There needs but some fair prospect of relief,
Enough to seize the general belief.
Some holy juggle, some absurd caprice,
To raise one common struggle for release.

* * * * *

Think not that prodigies must rule a state,
That great revulsions spring from something great,

The softest curl that floats on beauty's brow,
The smallest leaf that flutters on the bough,
Is not more lightly easy to derange,
Than human minds with cause to wish for change.
Out breaks at once the far-resounding cry,
The standard of revolt is raised on high,
The murky cloud has glided from the sun,
The tale of England's tyranny is done,
And torturing vengeance grinds as she destroys,
Till Sicil's vespers seem the game of boys.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., June 22.

LONG before an European trod the soil of Florida, and while even its very existence was a mere speculation in men's minds, the attention of the Old World was directed to it by strange and stirring reports of its wealth and beauty. Its shores were invested with a halo of romance. There were mysterious accounts of its rich stores of untold wealth; of gentle streams whose clear depths flashed with diamonds; of majestic rivers lined with pearls; of cities rich in barbaric splendor; of palaces rivalling in magnificence those of the Incas; and of an Aztec civilization more superb and imposing than the world had then known. But more strange, more stirring than all else, was the tale of the existence of the fabled fountains of the old Heathen Mythology, whose wondrous waters could delay the march of time, and stop the progress of decay. One plunge, and he who was bowed with years and weaknesses would feel again the warm tide of youth and health in his veins, and the supple strength of his manlier years return. Here Grace and Beauty might renew their charms, and Health and Youth become immortal. The best blood in old Spain was fired. Knights made illustrious by the conquest of Peru, left again their high-born dames and their Andalusian homes to achieve the proud title of "Un Conquistador." From the hardships, privations, the hostilities and sicknesses of that ill-starred expedition scarcely one of those brave men returned. The glories and splendors which had spanned their hopes faded before the fearful realities which they experienced. The wondrous waters of the perpetual fountain could not restore strength and vigor to bodies wasted by starvation and disease. The "Land of Flowers" gave her bosom only for their dead.

A few days since I returned from a visit to this famous fountain. I can vouch for its existence. I suppose that the efficacy of its miraculous virtues has long since vanished. But its beauties are so extraordinary, and its whole nature so anomalous as to excite in the beholder no little admiration and wonder. "Wahalla" Springs, for so the Indians christened them, are situated sixteen miles south from Tallahassee. They form the sources of the Wakulla River, which, flowing directly south twenty miles, mingles with the waters of the great Gulf. The springs, covering an area of some two hundred yards in circumference, are entirely embosomed in a dense

forest of oaks and cypresses, whose limbs are hung with banners of grey moss, which give a solemn, sombre appearance to the surroundings. From the shore you remark at once the singular clearness of the waters and the distinct colors of blue and green which cover in patches its surface. By means of a rough scow and a stalwart negro at the sweeps, our party was soon afloat. Not a ripple curled the smooth surface. Stretched at length upon the smooth boards, we gazed down into the limpid depths. By actual measurement the bottom was two hundred and eighty feet below us, yet we could distinguish the minutest object there with the utmost precision. A bit of silver in gentle undulations, slipped to the bottom, and appeared undiminished in size. At times the white sands were flecked with dancing shadows, or when at rest were tessellated with hues of every variety of shade. Shells and flakes of mica radiated like prisms. In some places immense trees were reclining upon beds of moss like giants at rest. There were elevations and depressions, huge ranges of a coral-like rock, "and valleys stretching in pensive quietness between."

There were abrupt precipices and toppling crags which overhung abysses which no plummet has yet sounded. Mosses and water plants covered other places like forests of ferns. They waved their tops as if fanned by a gentle breeze. And there were vast troops of fishes whose home life we could look in upon without breach of etiquette. They seemed entirely unconcerned, looking up at us with perfect indifference and moving silently on into the mossy forest beneath. A dozen yards distant was an ugly looking alligator who eyed us wistfully. On a nearer approach he gradually sank into the water and disappeared from view in a bed of rushes. While skirting along the borders we came over the bones of a mastodon which we judged to be about eighty feet below the surface. They consisted of portions of the jaw-bone, with several of the teeth in good preservation. Several years since a gentleman in this vicinity, by means of a marine armor, succeeded in recovering a large quantity of these bones. They are very calcareous and crumble easily by exposure to the air. These Springs are no ordinary curiosity. To the naturalist and the man of science they afford a subject for investigation and interesting exploration. The sombre forests, the cloudless heavens, the strange water-fowls, associated as they are with the enjoyments and pleasures of a delightful party, will not soon fade from my memory.

G. B. S.

